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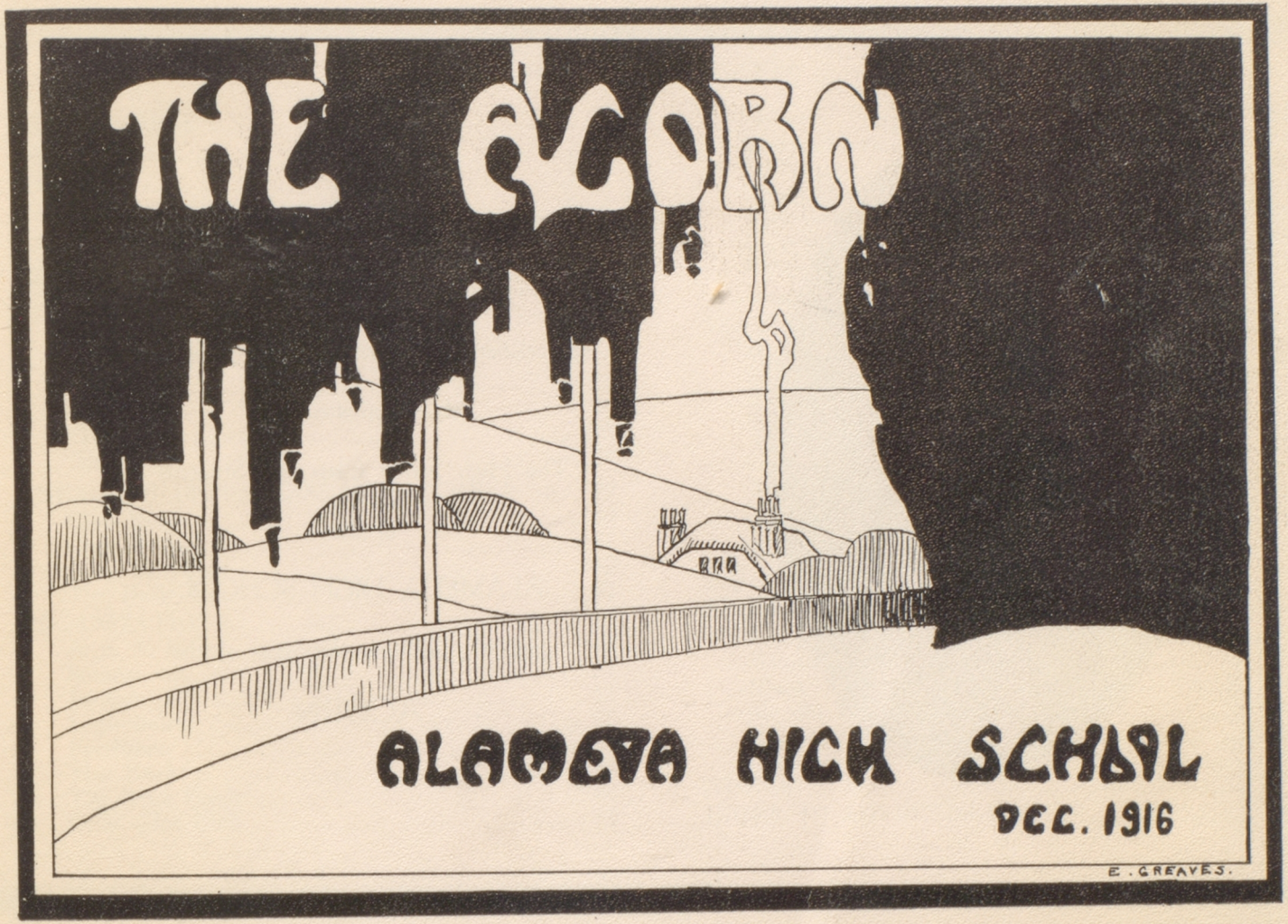
THE ACORN
ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL
DEC. 1916
E. GREAVES.

TO

Mr. Charles M. Daniels

In appreciation of his never failing interest in all school activities, we,

The High Senior Class and Students

of the

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL

gratefully dedicate this issue of the

ACORN

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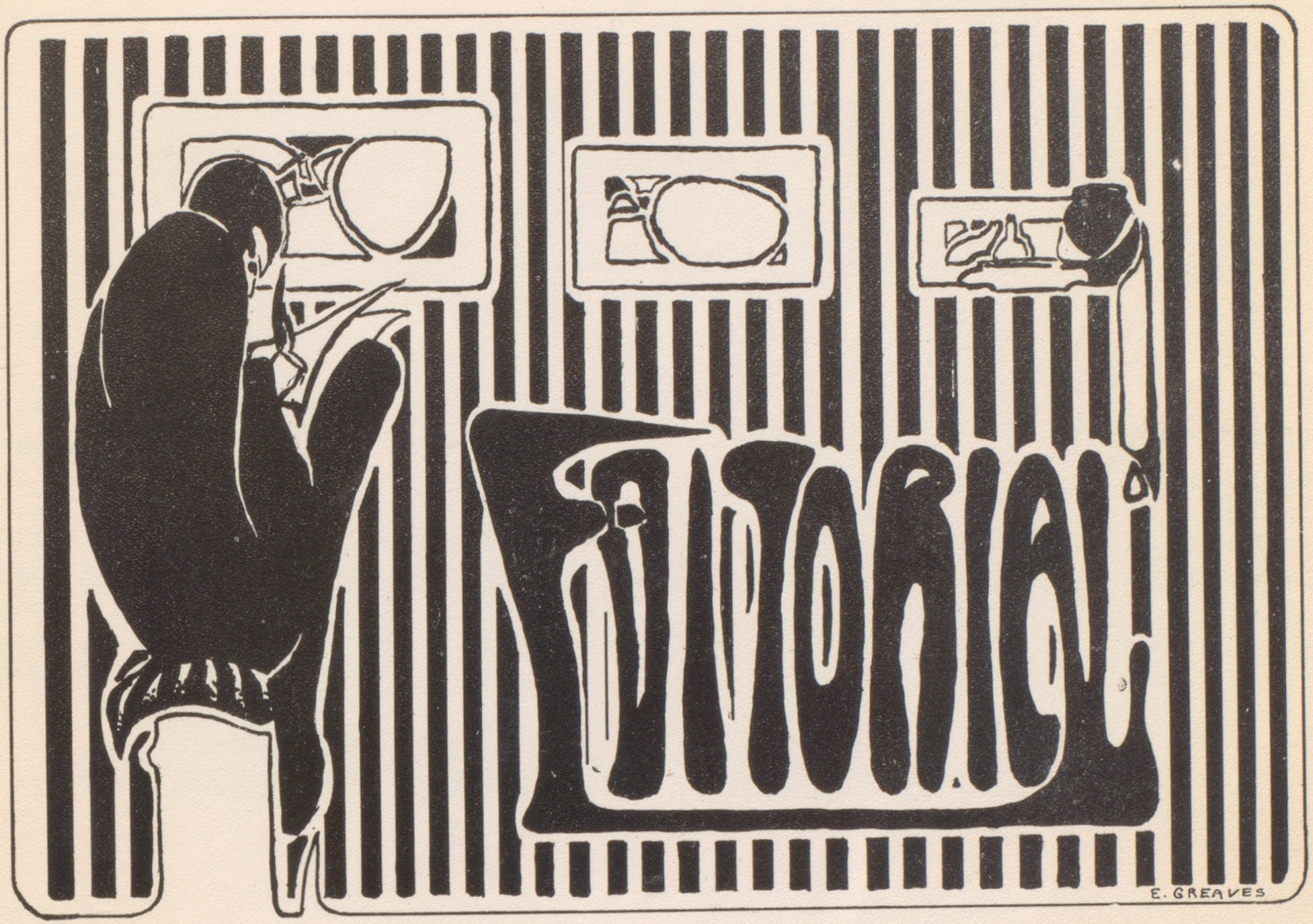
The editors of THE ACORN of December, '16, and the High Senior Class take this opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed to the success of this issue. Especially do we wish to thank the Faculty for advice; the Star and Key for the stories; Kelley-Davis Company, the printers, and Phoenix Photo Engraving Company for expert counsel; the advertisers for financial support, and the faculty stenographers for typing our copy. We wish also to express to the students in general our appreciation of their whole-hearted support.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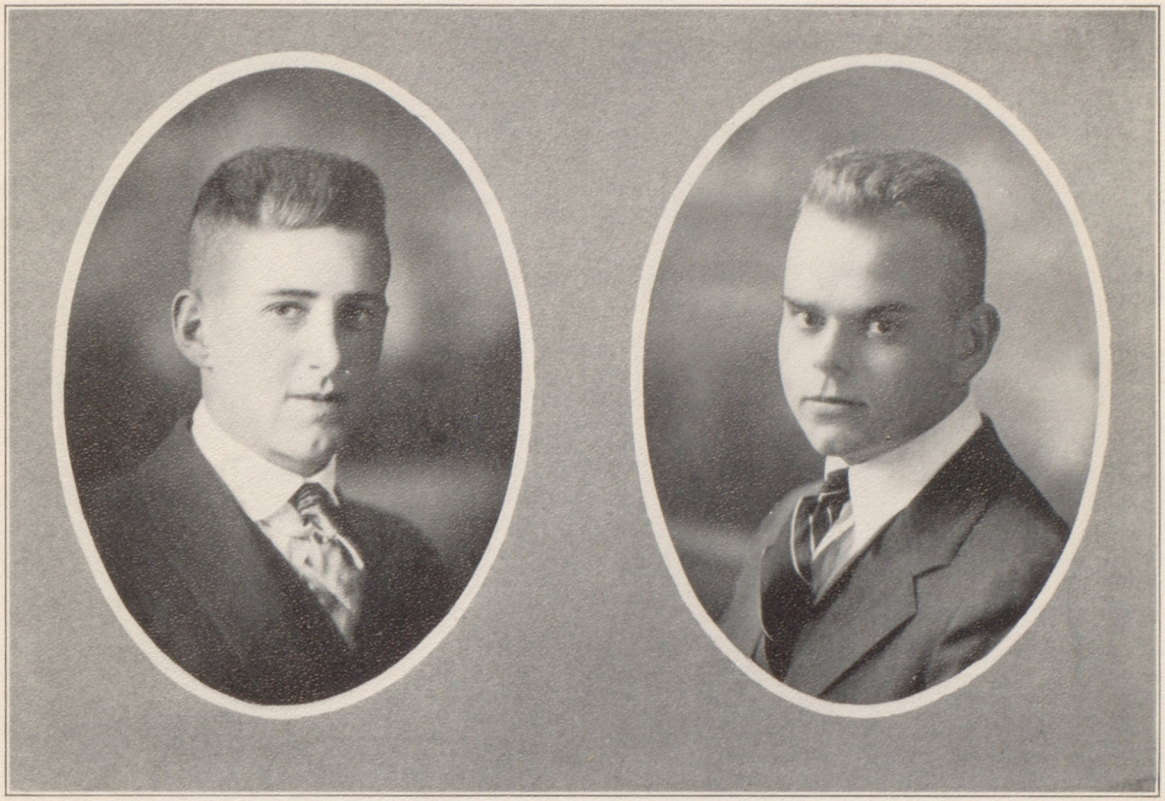

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EDITORIALS

Re-awakening of Class Spirit

IN PREVIOUS terms the lower classmen have done nothing in the way of real, organized efforts. They have always elected their officers and gone on their individual ways without another thought of class interest.

But this semester such a stir of class spirit has gone through the school as we have not seen since the advisory system of registration was established. Every class has held meetings for purposes other than election of officers, and every class seems full of energy of the right sort.

The boys have started the precedent of having class caps; hence the caps of many colors which are worn with much pride and class enthusiasm. The girls have done remarkably well; already the High Freshman have bought rings, and the others have planned and carried through numerous sales for the benefit of the A. S. A. H. S.

Then, consider that old instiution—the Junior dance—for four years it has been omitted from class activities, simply because no High Junior class could muster the requisite enthusiasm and cash. The Low Juniors have taken it to themselves this term in order to boost the campaign for a moving picture machine. We think this is better than the old custom and sets a more worthy precedent. In mentioning this class we must not forget the famous "Junior pin."

So the seemingly defunct class spirit has been re-incarnated and is thriving. May it live long and happily!

The Loan Fund

Many people do not know that the Star and Key Society maintains a Loan Fund as a financial aid to students in the High School, or to graduates who wish to attend the University of California. This Loan Fund was inaugurated two years ago when a concert was given under the direction of the Music-Dramatic Assembly of Alameda; many talented and professional people of the bay region contributing. The money obtained from the concert, amounting to about two hundred dollars, was placed in charge of Dr. Thompson and four prominent men of the city to act as trustees. Any worthy student may borrow from this fund, paying no interest and only Dr. Thompson knowing the name of the person to whom the money is loaned. This term an entertainment was given at Washington School; and approximately seventy five dollars was added to the original sum, nearly all of which is in use at the present time.

The High School feels sure that many of the people in this city, when they realize the importance of this fund, may care to contribute money, and will gladly support any future entertainments given for this purpose. No scholarships are offered in the Freshman year at college, which is, perhaps, the most difficult year for the student; so that, in many cases, the Loan Fund is the only financial aid obtainable by Alameda graduates. Furthermore, it is purely a business proposition, depending entirely upon the honor of the borrower.

The Loan Fund is one of the really worth-while and permanent things that the High School and the Star and Key have undertaken.

Fremont High School maintains the sum of two thousand dollars for the same purpose, and since our own school is increasing in numbers, and more students are depending upon this to defray college expenses, why can not we raise a similar amount? Surely such a matter is of great importance and worthy of everyone's attention.

Vocational Guidance

During this semester more than usual has been accomplished along the line of vocational guidance. This is due in large part to the untiring efforts of Miss Garretson who for several years has been deeply interested in this subject. Owing to the present arrangement of the program it has been difficult to introduce vocational guidance into the curriculum. However, a start has been made, and regular classes are being held.

In the class period a wide range of possible vocations are discussed, the students being required to deliver short speeches on the occupation they desire to follow at the end of their school life. In the boys' class such fields as: Agriculture, mining, civil engineering, railroading, etc., are thoroughly gone over; so that at the end of the course the student should be able to decide wisely in what direction his particular powers tend. The girls also are finding their class of great benefit and assistance; as the vocations open to women are much more numerous than in the past and only in this way can they study, and get accurate knowledge of their special abilities in this larger field. Girls who are intending to become teachers, especially those planning to attend Normal School, meet on certain days with Mr. Agard, Head of the English Department. The object is: to see whether teaching is their proper sphere and, if so, to plan their High School course to that end; and also to discuss teaching in all its intricacies.

Many lecturers have spoken to us on Vocational Guidance; among these we seem to have been impressed most by Harris Weinstock, who spoke in the High School in 1913. His subject was "Choosing a Profession or The Ethics of Business." He pointed out that much depends on determining the capabilities of a young man and allowing him to follow a single road to a given end. Any young man, he stated, who maps out his career and follows the course with zeal, must necessarily succeed.

Will C. Wood, Commissioner of Secondary Education is strongly in favor of more attention to this subject. He says: "The matter of Vocational Guidance is certain to require more attention from school authorities than has hitherto been given it. The High School curriculum has been broadened until it reaches a variety of vocational subjects as well as the traditional academic branches. The life-calling of a boy or girl must not be attempted on the basis of a fifteen minute interview on enrollment day. Someone should make a scientific study of the vocational needs and capabilities of each student, and the student's course should be shaped in the light of this."

This scientific attitude is what we urge, fellow students.

We think you should aid and encourage all efforts in this direction both for your own good and that of those who may follow you. Those who have entered into the Vocational Guidance course, as we now have it, with the proper attitude and spirit, have been greatly benefitted, and are quite enthusiastic about its continuance. Perhaps, if we show sufficient interest and appreciation, a place will be made for this course in the regular school program.

Motion Picture Machine

The students of the High School have shown a real school spirit in supporting the various activities undertaken for the purpose of acquiring a motion picture machine. The Monsen lectures, the Glee Club Concert, the Junior Prom, and the money given by the Senior girls and the different classes have made it possible for the committee in charge to purchase the machine at an early date.

Many different kinds of pictures will be shown; some scientific and others historical and literary, as for example, dramatizations of books or reproductions of famous plays. Attempts will be made to secure pictures that will interest or have a direct bearing on every department in the school. For the most part, except in the case of the more expensive films, these pictures will be free to the students.

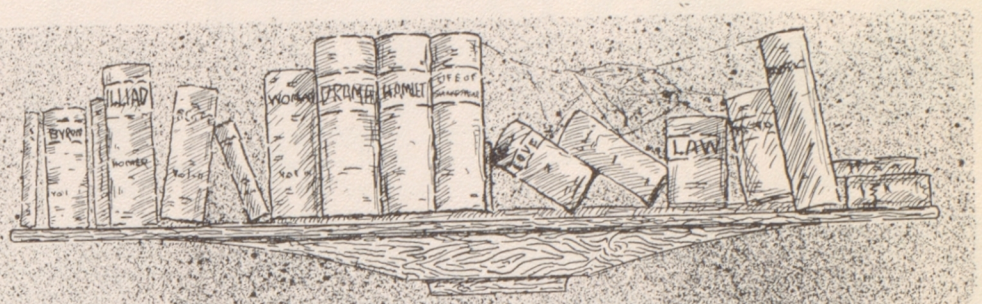
The motion picture, because of its great educational value, is becoming more and more important. It is a well-established fact that ninety per cent of the people are visual-minded; that is, they obtain most of their knowledge through the sense of sight. For this reason, the modern school employs charts, pictures, field and industrial excursions in instructing the pupils. Moreover, it is realized that possibilities in visual instruction will not be fully realized until the motion picture becomes a part of the equipment of every school. We are proud to think that the Alameda High School, through the successful efforts of one term's work is now able to purchase one.

In Conclusion

The Editorial staff of the December, '16 ACORN rejoices that its work is at an end, and that the book is now in press. We have attempted to present in this edition, as in other issues, some of the lighter interests in school, and at the same time to give an insight into the truer and deeper life in the Alameda High School. If this book gives evidence of good feeling and comradeship existing in our school, our work and hopes are accomplished and fulfilled.

THE EDITORS.

ST.SURE


ILLIAD
HOMER
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WORKS
DRAMA
HAMLET
LIFE OF
LOVE
LAW

LITERARY

SILVER SPURS

(FIRST PRIZE)

FIFTEEN hands he stood,—bright sorrel from the tip of his smooth nose to the white hind feet that had earned him his name.

If you had seen him grazing, with the crisp wind ruffling his mane, and the sun glinting on the gold points in his coat, you would probably have gone on a search for his owner, and Jim Bently would have looked at you coldly, and snapped:

"Not for sale!"

For Silver Spurs and Jim Bently were seldom seen apart. They had come to the Lazy S together, and no man knew their past, nor did any one ask. Their present was enough, that was good.

Silver Spurs nickered softly as his master opened the corral gate, and came across the open to meet him. These two understood each other, without the rope and the language other men used. Jim tucked a stray lock under the brow band of his bridle, and led the sorrel to the barn where his saddle hung. The equipment of his pet was his only pride, and his saddle was heavy carved Mexican leather, the pommel and cantle ornamented with beaten silver. No joshing could make him change his gear, so the saddle was accepted as part of the day's work.

"Hey, Jim," yelled Charlie Lane, as the puncher reached for the saddle, "don't make the cows jealous of your beauty!"

"I'm hoping they'll eat out of my hand," replied Jim, mildly. "Seems to me they must be getting envious of you; you never start after them any more. How comes it you're all spruced up? Boss sending you in for the mail?"

Lane retired, in some confusion, but Matt Trefford took up the conversation.

"Has your lamb had his nails manicured yet?" he drawled. "Seems to me I saw the file over there in the shop. Better get busy, Jim, wouldn't do for him to fall into bad habits. Hey, boys, I hear Jim's trainin' the lamb to drink with him; he gets lonely at the bar without him."

"If you'd teach Jiggles to drink with you, maybe you'd stop having those lonely fits after you come out from town," retorted Jim, swinging to the saddle.

The laugh was on Matt, and the sorrel vanished in a swirl of dust, and a rapid fire of pointed remarks.

"He's a quick-witted fellow," laughed Charlie, as he and Matt rode out of the gate on their way to town a few minutes later, "if I caught Jim Bently napping, I'd sure bragg about it for a good while."

"He don't say much," agreed Matt, "but what he does say gets there. Let's frame a party for Jim when he gets in to-night."

"Wait till he won't be lookin' for it," advised Charlie, "make it a story on Silver Spurs. That'll get him quicker than anything else. What have you?"

"Say, did you ever hear the yarn old man Kingsly used to spin about his animal? He had it that he was ridin' through timber one day, and he come to a place where a tree was down

across the trail. Couldn't see any way to get round, and was just figurin' the best way to cut it, when he felt a jar, and he was on the other side."

"Jumped?" queried Charlie.

"No,—said the horse got down on its knees and crawled under."

Meanwhile Jim was riding herd silently. The hill can be very still on a hot, summer afternoon, when the wind is dead, and the white clouds hang in the sky like becalmed, white-sailed boats. The brown grass was crisp under foot, and the weary cattle sniffed disgustedly at it. Silver Spurs kept his matchless gait unbroken, answering the slightest signal, now and again tossing his head to attract the attention of his strangely quiet master.

"Silver," said the man suddenly, "do you want to go back?"

Silver, being well trained, and divining the tone in his rider's voice, shook his head restlessly from side to side.

"You don't? Then we'll stay here, until they come after us, boy! Damned if I'll take you back there to save my honor. No, we're all right here, and here we stick."

One by one the slow weeks slid by. Now the monotonous heat would be broken by a dry, cold, north wind, that came from nowhere, and returned there, while tempers of men and horses were strained to the breaking point.

Now heavy clouds would slide up from the southwest, and rain would hover overhead, heavy rain, that never came. But always there was work to be done, and always Jim Bently and Silver Spurs were ready to do it. Fall turned to winter, and the first rains came at last, bringing promise of snow and storm to come. The Lazy S stored its barn with grain for the horses, and men rode to town less often, because of the mud. And still the work was to be done, and the man and horse were there to do it.

"Jim," said Babe Drayton, coming into the bunkhouse where Jim was playing solitaire, with a longer pause between plays than the science of the game demanded. "Jim, boss says you're to take your lamb, and go over to the north pasture, and tell Simmonds not to do anything more in that horse deal with Bradly until he hears direct. Bet you can't get over there and back with your darling in two hours."

"Take you up on that," replied Jim sweeping the cards together. "What'll you make it?"

Oh, five, and the drinks. I'm broke."

"Better have your old stand-by ready to count the minutes. If I went by your relic of time, I'd take all the afternoon, and it'd only be ten minutes."

Babe flushed at the thrust, and muttered something about pre-historic animals.

"Say, Babe, tell me the trouble. Honest now, was it Noah got water in the works of your clock, or Mrs. Noah?"

Without waiting for his answer, Jim stepped out into the cold wind, struggling into his coat as he went. Low clouds were banked on the eastern horizon line, and more were piling up from the west. Silver Spurs snorted as he was headed into the open, sensing snow in the chill wind.

"Two hours," muttered Jim, "why we should do it in half that time without trying. I'm ashamed to take Babe's money; that kid bets so easy. Come on, you; you've got a rep to keep."

Simmonds, the foreman, was found without trouble at the north pasture, and made no comment on the order.

"Tell the boss his gray mare strayed off in that last rain, and slid into a hole. He'd better see Hanly about gettin' her sister if he wants a gray trotter bad. Looks like snow. So long."

"So long."

Jim urged Silver Spurs up the short rise from the corral, and disappeared over the top of a nearby hill.

Not at all winded by his outward trip, Silver Spurs covered the returning miles with time to spare, and brought his master to the ranch-house almost half an hour earlier than anyone

expected him. Jim swung off, laughing to think of Drayton's disgust, and strode in to report to the boss, but the sound of voices raised in heated argument stopped him before he reached the inner room.

"I know he's a good man," said a voice he knew only too well, "and I sure hate to do it, Peters, but I've got my orders to accept no excuse, but to bring him back with the horse. They want him bad over where I come from. The horse was to have gone to a fellow, to clinch some deal, and the deal's off until they bring the pair of them back. You know the man. You sold him a horse once, but not twice."

"Yes, I know. You say Bently took the horse to keep him from being sold to that brute?"

"So they told me. It seems Bently had broken the horse, and ridden him ever since. He was saving up money to buy Silver Spurs, when this deal was arranged, and when he heard the horse was to be given to Creelton, he took French leave one night. The boys are all for him, and about said they'd pleased to see me coming back alone, but I've got my orders from higher up, 'alive or dead!'—and I'm up against it, Peters."

"I see. Well, Bently's gone off for me. He'll be back soon with the horse. It's up to you."

"That's it." The sheriff's voice sounded a bit mournful. "A good man gone for a crooked deal."

Bently turned noiselessly, but with his first step his spur caught in the fringe of a rug, and he all but fell headlong. Peters sprang up, and jerked aside the curtain that hid the door.

Bently, cornered, faced them squarely.

"Yes," he said, slowly. "I heard! So they want me to send Silver Spurs back to Creelton? Well, I'll see them where they belong, first."

"Sorry, Jim, but I've got my orders," the sheriff cut in.

"Forget them!" advised Bently. "You can have Silver when you get him."

In a flash his gun was out, covering the sheriff. In three steps he reached the open, and was racing for Silver Spurs. With an oath, the sheriff drew his gun and fired. Bently lurched in the saddle, but recovered himself, and was gone before the sheriff could pull the trigger again.

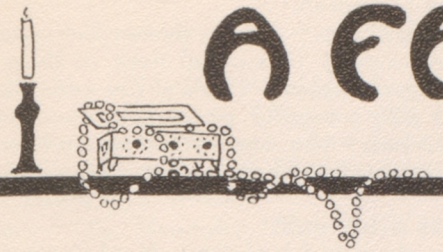
Silver Spurs galloped slower and slower, until he fell gradually into a walk. He pricked his ears, waiting some sign from his master, but received no word. Suddenly his rider slipped from the saddle and fell heavily. The horse turned back, and touched the still figure with his nose, gently. Bently, roused from his stupor by the familiar touch, raised himself on one elbow with an effort, and dragged himself upright by the aid of the stirrup. Slowly and with a painful effort he undid the latigo strap, and pulled the cinch loose. The bridle followed the saddle to the ground, and Silver Spurs stood free of the marks of his servitude.

"Go on, Silver," whispered the man, "Goodby! Perhaps—"

He dropped face downward in the trail, and lay very still. Silver Spurs whinnied softly and nozzled his master caressingly. The storm clouds had swept lower, menacing, ominous. A gust of wind brought the first flakes of snow. The horse stamped uneasily, knowing that he must drift with the wind to live out the storm. He took a few steps, but his master made no move to follow. The white flakes were falling faster now; the quiet body was half covered. Silver Spurs turned back, and again sniffed his master. Then, as though heeding a command, he moved to windward of the prostrate man, and stood with his head bowed and his long mane sweeping the ground. The swiftly falling snow dropped about the two like the final curtain of eternity, and the dark slipped down, hiding the hills.

JANET BROWN, '18.

A FALSE ALARM



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Miss Hannah—The Housekeeper.
Susan—The Maid, who is in love with Thomas.
Thomas—The Butler, who is in love with Susan.
James—The Coachman.
Brown—The Detective.
Creaney—Policeman.
Mullin—Policeman.

STAGE SETTING.

Dining-room of a mansion. Furniture of Victorian age. Room void of all silverware. Sideboards and cupboards open and vacant as if just emptied in a great haste. Door in right side, leading to kitchen. Door in center back, opening into linen closet. Two windows on left side, heavily draped with plush curtains.

Play takes place during the summer of 1915 in any large American city, about 10 a. m.

Enter Miss Hannah, a maiden lady of uncertain age, whose face wears a stern expression. She wears a basque and a white apron. Her hair is tightly drawn, and is arranged at the back in a tight knot. She holds in her hand a box of silver polish, and enters the room with a firm tread. She goes to the sideboard for the silver, to find it empty. She gasps.

Miss Hannah—Oh! Help; Burglars! *(she glances in all the cupboards)* Oh! the silverware!

Enter Susan *(a girl of twenty, dressed as a maid; a black dress, a small white cap and white apron.)*

Susan—I heard your cries, Miss Hannah. What is the matter? *(she stops upon noticing the bare room.)* Oh! do you think we've been robbed? Oh! *(begins to cry.)*

Miss Hannah—Do be still! Does it look like it? Your screaming won't catch the burglar.

Susan—What shall we do?

Miss Hannah—What should we do in a time like this? Call Thomas, of course, and then the police.

Susan—*(Wiping her eyes)*. Poor Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. It's a shame. *(Begins to sniffle. Sits down in arm chair).*

Miss Hannah—Girls now-a-days have no sense. In my day it was different. *(Rings bell in wall.)* Wait till you see the man before you cry about him!

Enter Thomas. *(Tall thin man of twenty-five, with blank expression on face. Wears livery of a butler. Carries a broom.)*

Miss Hannah—Thomas, *(turning to Thomas)* this house has been robbed. Telephone for the police quickly! *(Sits down in straight-backed chair.)*

Thomas—*(Mouth wide open, non-plussed expression.)* 'Er what? A' Miss Ha———

Miss Hannah—(Interrupting) You numskull! Keep still! I said *(slowly and deliberately)* this house has been robbed. Call the police.

Exit Thomas timidly. *(Puts broom in corner.) (Both sit waiting anxiously. Miss Hannah interrupts the silence.)* Now-a-days, men are pokes! In my day—— *(enter Thomas.)* Well! *(turning to Thomas)* Did you reach headquarters?

Thomas—Er—they'll be here as quick as ever they can.

Miss Hannah—And in the meantime *(turns to Thomas who begins to fumble with his hands)* you may search this room. Why *(very calmly)* the man might be in here this very minute. Look behind those curtains. *(Pointing to the draperies at the windows.)*

Thomas—(Drawing away. Noticeably trembling.) 'Er, —— 'Er I——

Susan—(Interrupting.) Thomas *(entreatingly)* if you love me please pull those curtains aside. Oh! I'm so frightened! *(Thomas is going over to comfort Susan.)*

Miss Hannah—Thomas! *(Thomas stops!)* Do as I say this instant. What are you afraid of? *(Sits erect. Susan wrings her hands.)*

Thomas—(Softly goes to corner of room and takes broom. Advances up to window. Stops a broom's length away. Pokes curtain with broom timidly) Come out. I'll get you. *(Timidly creeps a step nearer.)* Come on! Surrender. *(Gains some courage. Slightly pulls curtain aside. Peeks in.)* Not here, Miss Hannah.

Miss Hannah—Very well. Now search the linen closet. *(Points to door.)* Its dark in there. Burglars like just such a place.

Thomas—Miss Hannah. He couldn't be there. Oh no, *(more courageously)* I'm sure he couldn't. I read once that burglars never hide in closets. *(During conversation, Susan keeps running to window, to watch for arrival of police.)*

Miss Hannah—(Turns to Thomas) (Sneeringly) You'll make a fine husband for Susan.

Thomas—(Straightens up, stands three feet from door. Knocks with end of broom.) It's awful dark in there. You'd better come out. *(Knocks again.)* Well a' I'm awful strong. If you don't come out like a regular gentleman why—er— I'll—well I'll have to just carry you out. *(Cautiously opens door.)*

Susan—Oh do be careful Thomas, dear. Don't hurt him too much.

Miss Hannah—As if he could!

Thomas—(Opens door and looks in) Boo! *(calls in closet)* Boo! *(Turns to women)* I don't hear him. *(Enters closet cautiously. Proudly comes into room.)* I told you that no one was there.

Susan—Oh Thomas, you're so brave! *(Thomas proudly walks up to Susan.)*

Miss Hannah—This *(sternly)* is no time for making love. This house must be searched. *(Door-bell rings.)* Exit Thomas.

Susan—It's the police. *(From the window.)*

(Enter Detective and two policemen, dressed in citizens clothes. Susan sits down. Begins to sniffle. Hannah sits erect.)

Detective—Now keep calm ladies. *(Turning to Miss Hannah.)* Tell just what happened. Don't get excited.

Miss Hannah—Sir! *(Sits more erect. Head in air.)* This is the home of James R. Taylor the banker. He and his wife have just left——

Susan—(Interrupting) They just left—

Miss Hannah—(Haughtily.) I'm talking, Susan. They just left for Cuba. James, the coachman is not back from the station yet.

Susan—Yes, he took them to the station.

Detective—Here Creaney *(motions to one of the officers)*. Take this lady into the next room. *(Turns to Miss Hannah)*.

Miss Hannah—I thought I'd polish the silver before putting it away, so I came in here and found this room as you now see it.

Detective—Was everything closed? No windows or doors open?

Miss Hannah—No, not one. *(Stands up.)*

Detective—*(Turning to Thomas, who trembles)* You sir! Show me through the house. *(Exit Detective, Policemen and Thomas. Thomas walks behind the others.)*

Enter Susan and Creaney.

Creaney—*(To Hannah)* The little lady's calmed down. *(Assists Susan to a chair.)*

Miss Hannah—Well, I should hope so. *(Exit Creaney.)* I hear them upstairs. *(Both listen intently the whole time.)* They seem to be coming back. *(Enter Creaney, Detective, Mullin and Thomas.)*

Detective—Everything O. K. Nothing touched.

Mullin—Never seen the likes o' it, Mam. *(Enter James, dressed in the livery of a coachman. Stops as he sees police.)*

James—What's up?

Miss Hannah—We've been robbed. *(In an awed voice.)*

Susan—All the silver is gone.

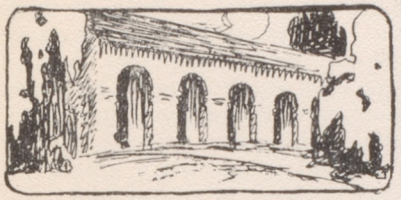
Thomas—*(Almost whispering)* All gone!

James—*(Laughs out.)* Calm down. You're all off the track. Mrs. Taylor in the rush to catch the train forgot the silver until they were just going to the carriage, so Mr. Taylor grabbed it quick, and took it to the safe deposit on the way to the station.

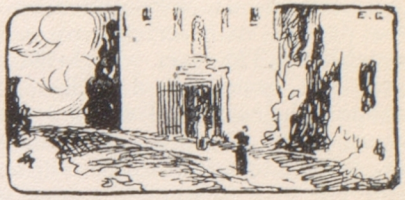
(Surprise mingled with relief on the faces of all.)

Curtain.

IRENE JACOBS, '16.



DON PICO



"YOU say their gold has been stolen from them?"

"Yes, my daughter, not only their pesos, but many head of cattle, too. I heard it from El Senor Gonzales, who met a stranger in from the mountains."

"But tell me more, my father."

"Ah, but that is all I know, ninita. It is perhaps all rumor, this talk of Senor Gonzales. He merely met a stranger who had heard a rumor. And yet there is some talk of Don Pico. Quien sabe?"

It was the good padre speaking. It was his custom to walk with Mariquita in the mission garden whenever she wanted to come, which was often, for she and the new padre were the best of friends.

"And now, my little one," said the old man, smiling, "you must go presently, for the sun is fast fading, and La Favorita must rest before the ball tonight."

As she walked from the garden, Mariquita, La Favorita of Monterey, wondered what crime had been committed in the mountains. Yes, it was Don Pico who had stolen the herds and the money. Don Pico alone? Perhaps not. But then there

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were other outlaws in the mountains who never did respect the flag of the Americano in California. Well she remembered the time not twelve months ago when pearls worth a king's ransom, stolen from the Mission altar, were found in possession of Don Pico. She wondered just how bad this outlaw was. She knew he had lived for years in the mountains away from every one. They said he was handsome. She even wished she might meet him. How exciting! Oh, well, she would not worry. It was not her gold nor her people's cattle. She would dance and flirt as much as she pleased and all the men would flock around her.

The people of Monterey danced every night, and at the fashionable hour of ten all were gathered for the dance. All the men wore black velvet coats and white trousers. Most of the women wore bright colors, the waists long and pointed and the skirts full. Mariquita wore white satin, and looked very beautiful indeed with her long black hair braided close to her neck. As usual she was surrounded by twenty caballeros, all pleading for dances, each striving for a little more attention than his neighbor. The sala was brilliantly lighted, and presented a very gay scene indeed. The coffe-colored duenas were seated around the wall and never relaxed their vigilant watching of their pretty charges. Indeed, their eagle eyes took in every movement to see that the couples did not step beyond the outside corridor to wander among the trees. A man appeared in the doorway. A second later and every eye was upon him. Ah, who is the good looking stranger? But none seemed to know He was indeed handsome; his face lacked that languid, ambitionless expression so characteristic of the Californian. Mariquita lost no time. "Bring him to me," she ordered her nearest admirer. A moment later and he was bowing low before her. "Ah, senorita, at your feet." It need not be said that the good-looking Senor Cabanares was fascinated with La Favorita of Monterey, and that he lost no time in literally throwing himself at her feet. But if Mariquita was at all interested in him she soon forgot all about him, and was wholly absorbed with a young American officer, Crandall by name. His blue eyes and fair hair had completely captivated her. Indeed she believed herself to be in love with him, and any one could see, as the senoritas put it, that he was simply mad about her. They danced the contradanza together, and indeed almost every other dance, with all eyes upon them, until the caballeros were nearly wild with jealousy, including Senor Cabanares who refused to dance at all. "Ah, that Americano has worked witchcraft," they said, "until she will have none of us."

As the days passed Mariquita was the center of attraction whether it was a picnic to the ocean, or a day at the races, and the American and Senor Cabanares were the favored ones, it was plain to be seen. They were rivals of not the friendliest sort, and it was a triumph for the one and a bitter disappointment for the other when she chose to accept the attentions of either. But Marquita herself was having her own troubles. Her mind was waging war. Which to marry? Both of them loved her. Both were handsome. To be sure she knew more about Senor Crandall. He was an American officer, and a friend of her father's. But that only made Senor Cabanares more acceptable. There was some mystery hanging about him. No one knew anything about him. And when he gazed at her his eyes took fire. The night he had strummed a guitar beneath her window she had almost decided to accept him. He was not like her other lovers, selfish and indolent, knowing how to do nothing but play the guitar, gamble, and make love. Suddenly she remembered the words of her mother. "In a few years, ninita, the Americanos will have everything. If they have no money they will work for it. If we are rich now, we will be poor then. Ay, my daughter, marry the Americano that you may be always happy." Why not? Surely she could love him. And what did Senor Cabanares have to offer? Nothing. And so each time she thought the problem solved, she only found herself the further from it.

Mariquita's father was entertaining some of his friends.

They were talking excitedly. A Spanish soldier, more animated than the rest, tried to gain the floor to tell what he knew. "Yes, senor, the thieves have been found. It is very simple now that we know. The poor Don Pico that we have been hunting for, he is not to blame at all. But we have found the bandits, yes, and with the gold, too, a thousand pesos. They were coming through the mountain pass where our soldiers were hiding, and were tracked right to their hiding place, and were forced to surrender. There were many of them, all desperate characters, mostly Mexicans. It is true they fought hard, but they are less by a good number than before. But now the country is rid of the blood-thirsty wild-cats and we may sleep in peace. Dios de mi alma; I forgot to say, Don Pico, he did not take the pearls!'

"What pearls?" asked a dozen voices.

"But surely you have not forgotten! Don Pico, they said he stole them not twelve months ago. Si, and ever since there has been a ban upon him, and he dare not show his face. Ah, it is I who am glad, for I know him and he is good, good,—senores. The leader of the outlaws has repented and told all. No one would believe Don Pico when he said he had not torn down the crucifix, and stolen those pearls from the Church, but found them under some leaves by the roadside. Of course you see, senores, those outlaws had hidden the pearls there and Don Pico had just by chance found them when, as fate would have it, our men came up and captured him, thinking him to be the robber. Luckily he escaped somehow, but not without a bullet in his shoulder. You see, senores, that is why he has been living in the mountains ever since; before that no one knows. But I would know him, I have seen him once."

The stars were shining their brightest. Out from the shadow of a tree stepped Senor Cabanares. His face was haggard and from his spurs and latigo it could be seen that he was ready for flight. He was watching for some one. Presently that some one emerged from a lighted doorway, and could the watcher have known that Mariquita was coming out with her final decision he would have started forward instead of hesitating. To be sure he had been waiting for that decision for a long time, but Mariquita knew her own mind now, and was coming to tell him so.

Suddenly voices were heard bidding adios to their host. A figure rounded the outer corridor, and unexpectedly came face to face with Senor Cabanares who had come forward. For a moment they faced each other. "Don Pico!" a harsh voice cried. Before anything more could be said Mariquita, standing in a shadow as if stunned, burst forth: "Senor! Senor! Is it true that you are Don Pico? Dios mio! But it can make no difference. It is the same. I will love you always. If you say, I will fly with you to the hills; but make haste. They will . . ." But this passionate outburst was checked by the hearty laugh of the Spanish soldier as Don Pico returned the firm handclasp of Mariquita's father.

MARION FARRINGTON, '16

A GLIMPSE OF MANILA

MANILA! Shore! We had been out from San Francisco for twenty-eight days and, with the exception of seven hours at Honolulu, had not been on land in that time. Now we were to have twelve days ashore, and were anxious to make the most of our opportunity.

We had already noticed Corregidor, the Gibraltar of the Pacific, standing proudly and defiantly at the entrance to the harbor. Cavite, also had come into view, the historic spot where Dewey caused the downfall of Spanish sea power.

At last we were in Manila, the Capitol of the Philippine Islands, and the busiest seaport in the Far East. As the ship was to be our home, we did not have to hunt a hotel, although there are some excellent ones in Manila.

Upon going ashore, we rode for our first time in a carameta or native "jitney" bus. This is a little, two wheeled cart drawn by small Australian ponies. Three or four electric lines run to the suburbs, but we could make better time walking than riding in these.

Carabaos do the heavy hauling. These cumbersome beasts are very slow but exceedingly strong; and one of their peculiarities is that they go mad if not subjected to at least three baths a day. Every day we saw lines of these beasts having a hose turned on them.

Cascos are the chief means of water transportation. These boats are long, narrow and of small draft. A family lives in each end, and on the roof is always seen the pet rooster. The space between the houses is for freight, and owners make their living by renting their cascos to be towed around.

The Intramuros is a place of unusual interest. In it we obtained a splendid idea of the life of the old Spaniards. We saw the narrow, dirty streets, the balconies extending over them, the iron grating over the windows, the stone houses, and the encircling wall. This wall averages twenty-five feet in thickness, and has withstood three separate bombardments. Many of the cannons still surmount the wall. One section of the wall is now used as an aquarium; here we got a splendid view of the wall's construction. The stones are about two feet square and one foot thick.

The Luneta is a resort for the people of the entire city. This large grassy space surrounds a bandstand in which the Philippine Constabulary Band gives concerts twice each week.

Here we saw many bright colored clothes worn by many races, among them being: Americans, Filipinos, Spaniards, Chinese, Japanese and Hindus. They say that there are as many Chinese in Manila as there as Filipinos. I don't doubt it a bit because all the big stores are owned by Chinamen, all the gamblers at the cockpits are Chinese, and about half the criminals are of the same race.

The main business street of modern Manila is called Escolta. This is about five hundred yards long, each end terminating in a plaza. These plazas each connect with the Intramuros by a bridge across the Pasig River.

The arrangement of the Post Office was, to us, novel; all the mail boxes, stamp windows, letter slips and writing desks are on the outside. Only Post Office officials are inside the building.

Across the street are the Botanical Gardens. This beautiful park contains many samples of Philippine plants, besides a small zoo, an aviary, and an apiary.

The Y. M. C. A. is the mecca for the young men. Both Filipino and American Y's are well attended. This is the only cool place in town; the water in the tank being down to about seventy-eight degrees.

The outskirts of Manila consist of long rows of thatched huts raised about four feet from the ground on poles. The sides of these houses are so arranged that they can be raised and lowered like big awnings. The outskirts consist of the suburbs of Ermita, Pasay, San Miguel, Santa Ana and a few others.

The Cock-Pit was the most novel place we visited. A large market extends in front of the pit itself, and all sorts of produce are scattered on the ground. The buyers walk around in this heap, haggling loudly for bargains, and create a general din. We thought when we got to the pit we could be relieved of the din and enjoy ourselves. Here, to our dismay, it was even worse. We, in the vortex of an immense crowd, fought for the entrances, and, once inside, could scarcely breathe. Finally we got seats. Two cocks were brought in, to whose right legs cruel razor-like gaffs were fastened. When they were set loose an awful uproar of shouts arose, caused by the animated betting. Soon the cocks began to fight, jumping into the air and striking with their gaffs. At the second charge, one was killed in midair, while the other was so badly wounded that he died a moment later. We beat a hasty retreat.

We next went to, or rather visited, Bilibid Prison. This is one of the best conducted prisons in the Far East. Over five thousand men and women are confined here, and taught useful trades. Many of them become so attached to the prison that they commit more offenses, on being released, in order to get back again. A great deal of wonderful furniture and many curios are made and sold at Bilibid.

A thunder storm at night in Manila is a wonderful spectacle. From the zenith to the horizon a crooked path of electricity, about two feet wide, crashes. A moment later a roar that would shame a battle comes upon one, and one jumps as if he were hurt. Then a downpour of rain floods streets, gutters and gardens, then all three—lightning, thunder and rain—come at the same time. In about ten minutes the storm passes over, the stars come out; a half an hour later everything is dry and tranquil. A few distant echoes only, are heard, to remind one that there has been a storm. About two of these storms occur each night.

Manila, as you see, is a most wonderful place to spend even a short vacation, because of the many strange things to be seen —a city, foreign yet American; old, yet new.

W. TOYE, '17.

The Great Decision

"TOMORROW never comes" is an oft repeated proverb, but tomorrow was coming, and the Sophomores wished that it could not. On the morrow the Freshman-Sophomore rugby game was to be played. The Freshmen were confident in their power, and the fearful glares of their weaker superiors did not in the least hinder their boasting.

The Sophomore captain and his Supreme Council of plotters were holding a *post mortem* over the already despaired of game. All but one were condemning heartily the ruling which prohibited varsity men from playing inter-class ball. "Ifs" and "buts" in profusion were also supplied by the mourners. That one who was not verbally disposing of all hopes, was pursing his brow, holding his head, and going through all the prescribed motions of one trying to work out a serious problem.

"Lot of help you're giving us, Fat," said one of the councilors.

"Huh," grunted the solver of weighty problems, "you aren't helpin'. You're only killin' the only hopes you had left. I'm tryin' to think."

"Oh look fellows," was the retort in preturbed awe, "Fat's thinking. I didn't know it was possible."

"Huh," once more grunted Fat, again resuming the pose of Rodin's "Thinker."

He finally interrupted the solemn group with the cry, "I've got it," and, sublimely unnoticing the taunts of the mock coroner's jury, he beckoned to the captain. That worthy left the group, and approached the beaming, weighty solver of weighty matters with a querulous look upon his face. The councilor whispered very energetically into his Captain's ear, and after a very few moments the querulous look was replaced by a smile. As the confab continued this finally broke into a snicker, then a hearty laugh. With a knowing wink Captain patted Fat on the back and solemnly declared the meeting adjourned.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Precedent had established the Freshman-Sophomore games as the medium for many internal skirmishes; in it, feuds were settled, each fellow pitted his strength against the other; grudges were wiped out. But even this diversion seemed impossible of accomplishment, the Freshmen being so much larger, stronger and faster.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Tomorrow *had* come. Although the sun rose as usual, school took up in the same manner, and lessons went on per schedule, still the Sophomores knew that tomorrow had arrived. Each Sophomore dolefully watched the minutes flit mournfully by—condemned men with no hope of pardon to come before the time set for execution. Each Freshman gleefully chuckled as the minutes slowly were passed by the solemn hands of the clock.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Before the game the Sophs solemnly filed in funereal order from the dressing-rooms, keeping their eyes averted, that they might not have to gaze upon the prophesied victors until necessary. The game was called. The referee, a Senior, gave the usual preliminary instructions.

"Remember fellows, this is a gentleman's game."

"Oh my, yes!"

"Nothing rough now!"

"Oh dear, no!"

"All ready?"

"Yep!"

The whistle blew and the Freshmen kicked-off; the ball going high, the forwards rushed down the field just in time to spill the fullback as he received the ball. When they had retrieved the ball, being on the defensive, the Sophs knocked to touch. When the ball had been thrown in, the Freshmen gained all they had lost, by a passing rush. The captain of the Sophs foresaw the massacre which was about to take place; so he called Fat to one side, and whispered to him for a moment. Smiling, Fat returned to his place; the ball was put into play. The next time the ball was outside, Fat received the ball, and immediately fell on it. As the players gathered around him a terrific explosion was heard.

"Fat's blown up!" said some one.

"No, no. It's the ball!"

"Well, where is the ball?"

As Fat slowly arose, the ball was no place to be seen; suddenly a mingled shout of joy and wrath went up from the grand-stand. A war whoop was heard from the Freshman goal-posts. Immediately every one turned in the direction of the call, only to see the Captain leisurely extracting the flattened ball from his sweater to touch it down and score a try.

"Body Snatchers!"

"Robbers!"

"Try!"

"No score!"

"Great head work!"

The crowd surged around the referee, pulling and pushing now one way and now another, making various demands.

"Let the play go on!"

"Yes," said the referee, "let the play go on."

"No."

"Justice!"

"Dead ball!"

"No score!"

The referee at last freeing one arm, threw it into the air, crying, "Wait a minute. What have each of the Captains got to say?"

The Captain of the Sophs stated his case thus: "I have three reasons for believing the thing was legitimate: first, there's nothing against it; second, it was proper; and third, they would have done the same thing."

"Your arguments are very good," solemnly stated the referee.

The Captain of the Freshmen was satisfied with claiming that a dead ball was a dead ball, and demanded justice.

The referee retired gracefully to read the rule book.

The crowd soon became impatient, and swayed over towards the dressing-rooms. Not until called many times did the referee finally show his face at one of the windows.

Immediately many cries arose.

"Justice!"

"No try, etc."

The referee held up his hand for silence.

"Boys," he said, "I have decided—"

Once more the cries arose.

Finally silence being secured, he continued, "I have decided to——resign," whereupon he ducked his head from the window and refused to answer any further calls.

PAUL ST. SURE, '19.

DRYAD

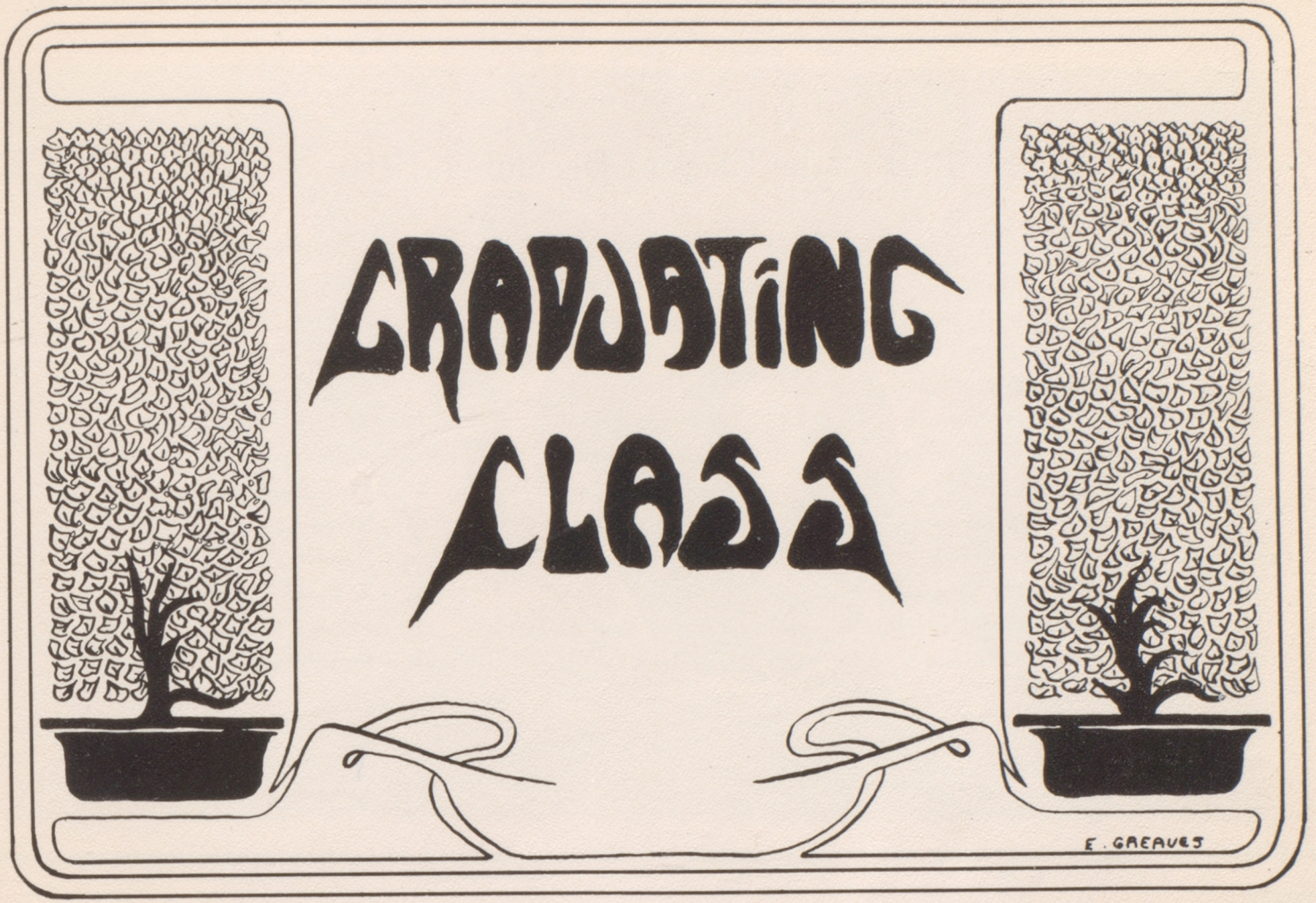
I'm a dryad who lives in a tree,
In a tree standing lone by the shore.
And I've lived in this tree from the earliest time;
So I'm schooled in its runical lore.

When the winter winds blow, I slip out of my tree
To race with the gale-driven spray,
And I laugh with delight when a white crest rears high
Where the storm and the waves are at play.

When the young days of springtide are come
With a robe of new green for my tree,
I tiptoe out to the edge of the town
To dance with the flowers in glee.

I'm a dryad fast bound in a tree,
In a tree standing lone by the shore,
For Pan, lest you learn that a dryad still lives,
Has just bolted and hidden the door.

JANET BROWN, '18.


GRADUATING
CLASS
E. GREAVES

Roll of the Class of December 1916

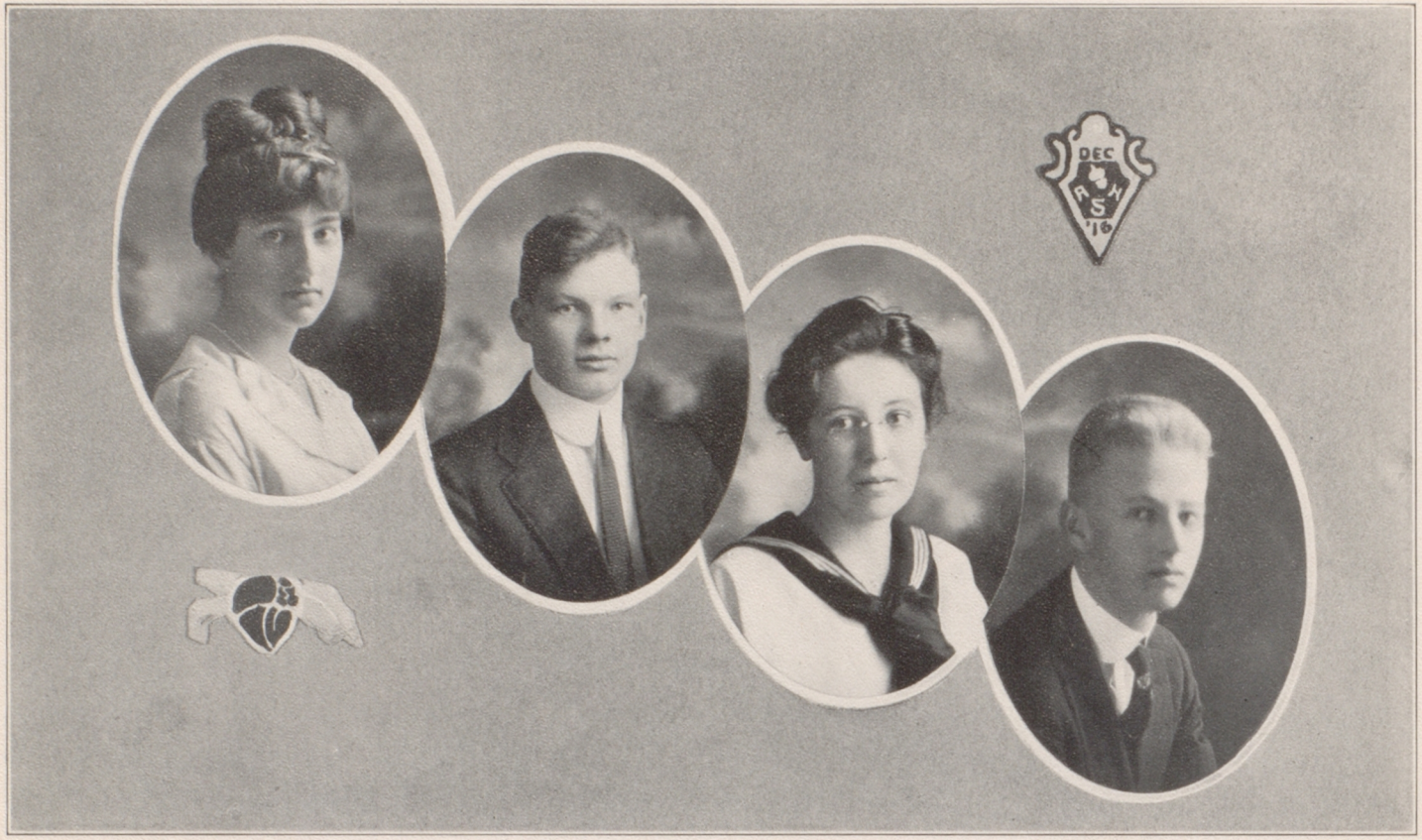
1. Rudolph Altona
2. Latham Berlin
3. Marjorie Boyce
4. Lillian Braun
5. Rudolph Buben
6. William Cathcart
7. Elizabeth Cockcroft
8. Edith Corde
9. Dora Duveneck
10. Norman Eckley
11. Marion Farrington
12. Leona Fleckenstein
13. Albert Gilliland
14. Lucile Goeler
15. Bessie Goodman
16. Mildred Griffitts
17. Alma Halcrow
18. Vera Halcrow
19. Annette Haskins
20. Mignon Henrici
21. Henrietta Hodges
22. Gordon Hussey
23. Irene Jacobs
24. Genevieve Kerdell
25. Dorothy Ludovici
26. Gretchen Lutjens
27. Russell Medcraft
28. Felix Mehan
29. Frances Melcher
30. Foster Miles
31. Ingrid Moe
32. Alice Moran
33. Ethel Musgrave
34. Hermann Petersen
35. Helen Sanford
36. Neil Stebbins
37. William Vaughan
38. Phoebe Winslow
39. Frank Young.

William Cathcart
President, Class Representative

Mignon Henrici
Vice-President

Frank Young
Secretary

Phoebe Winslow
Class Representative



Marion Farrington
Class Editor

Latham Berlin

Marjorie Boyce

Rudolph Altona
Treasurer

Lillian Braun

Rudolph Buben

Elizabeth Cockcroft

Edith Cordé

Dora Duveneck

Leona Fleckenstein

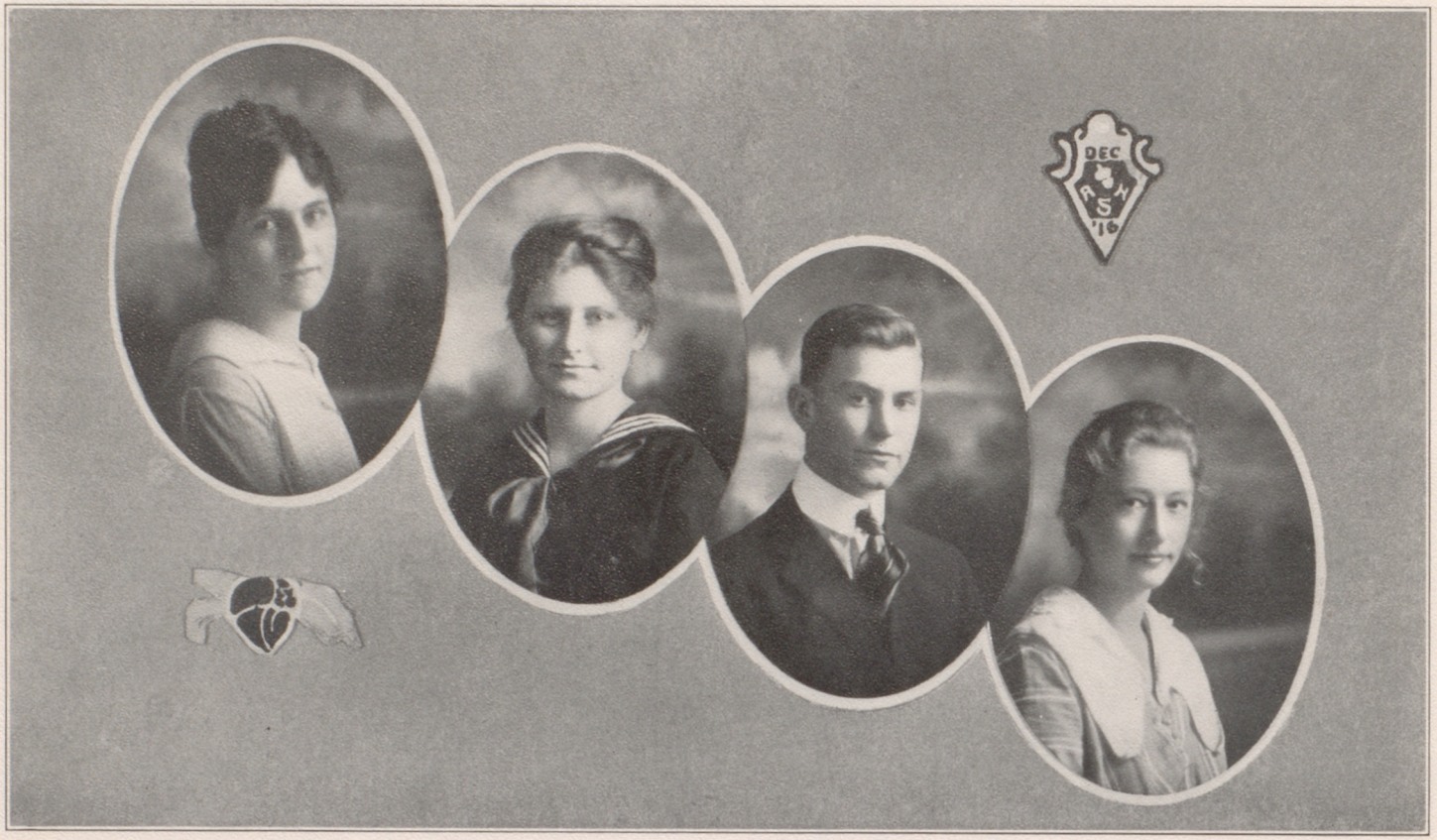
Lucile Goeler

Norman Eckley

Bessie Goodman Albert Gilliland Mildren Griffitts Alma Halcrow

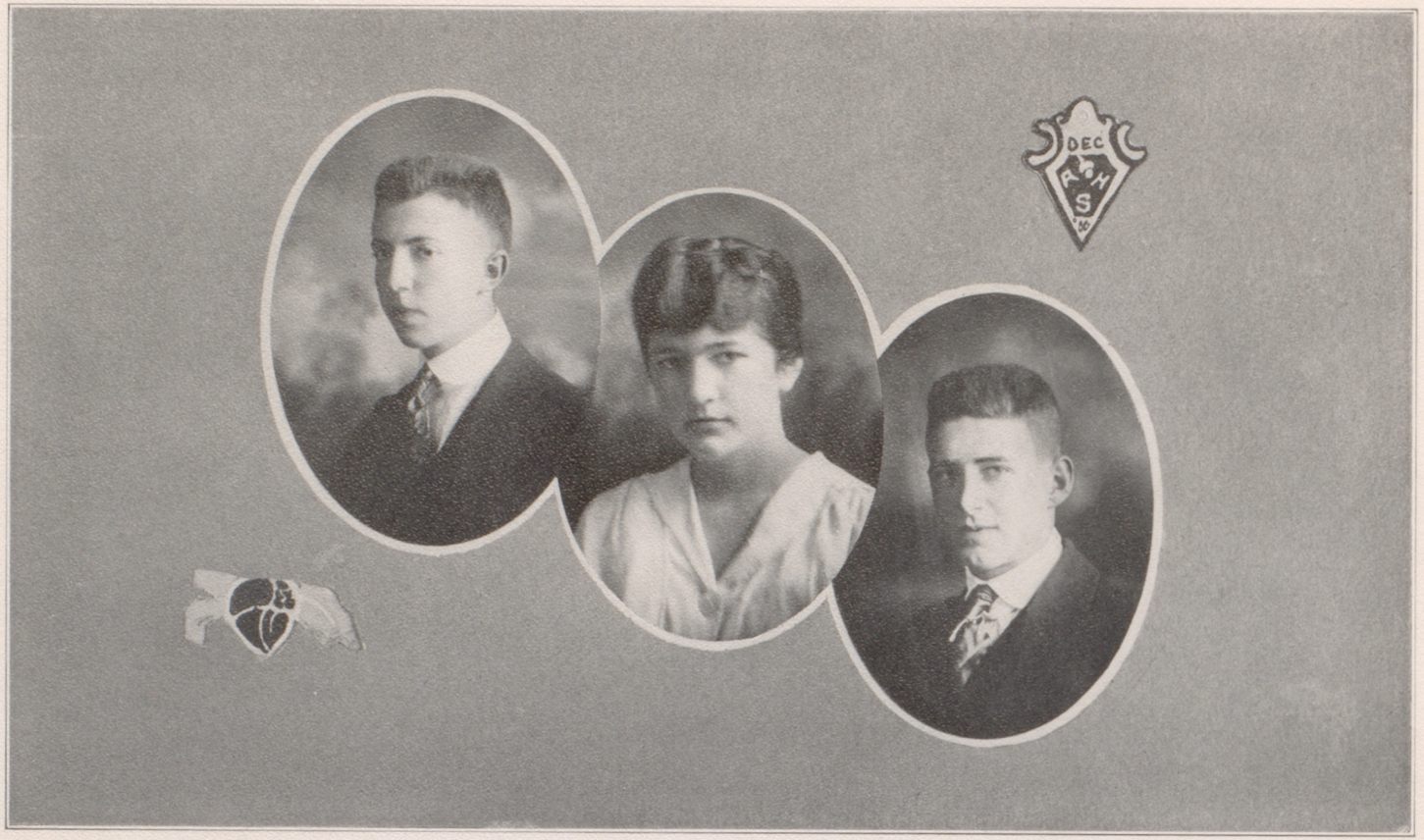
Vera Halcrow Gordon Hussey Henrietta Hodges Annette Haskins

Irene Jacobs | Dorothy Ludovici | Russell Medcraft | Genevieve Kerdell



Frances Melcher Ingrid Moe Felix Mehan Gretchen Lutjens

Ethel Musgrave Hermann Petersen Alice Moran Foster Miles



Neil Stebbins Helen Sanford William Vaughan

Class History

FOUR years ago, in January, 1913, the present High Senior Class began its career in the High School. Of course, we were looked upon with scorn and declared the greenest of Freshmen classes, in spite of the fact that we considered ourselves quite important and were much interested in organizing our class. We lost no time in showing our spirit by having our first class meeting, and electing the following officers: President, Fred Terry; Vice-President, Helen Sanford; Secretary, Virginia Younger; Class Editor, Bruce Dillman; Class Representatives, Ruth Heidt and Philip Holden.

As Low Sophs our green days were over, and our reputations secure; we could therefore devote our entire time to the improvement of our minds. Our officers for this term were: Foster Miles, President; Ruth Howe, Vice-President; Leland Hauch, Secretary; Russell Medcraft, Class Editor, and William Vaughan and Helen Sanford, Class Representatives.

Our High Sophomore Class met and organized in the following manner: President, William Vaughan; Vice-President, Edith Corde; Secretary, Russell Medcraft; Class Editor, Eleanor Sharpstein.

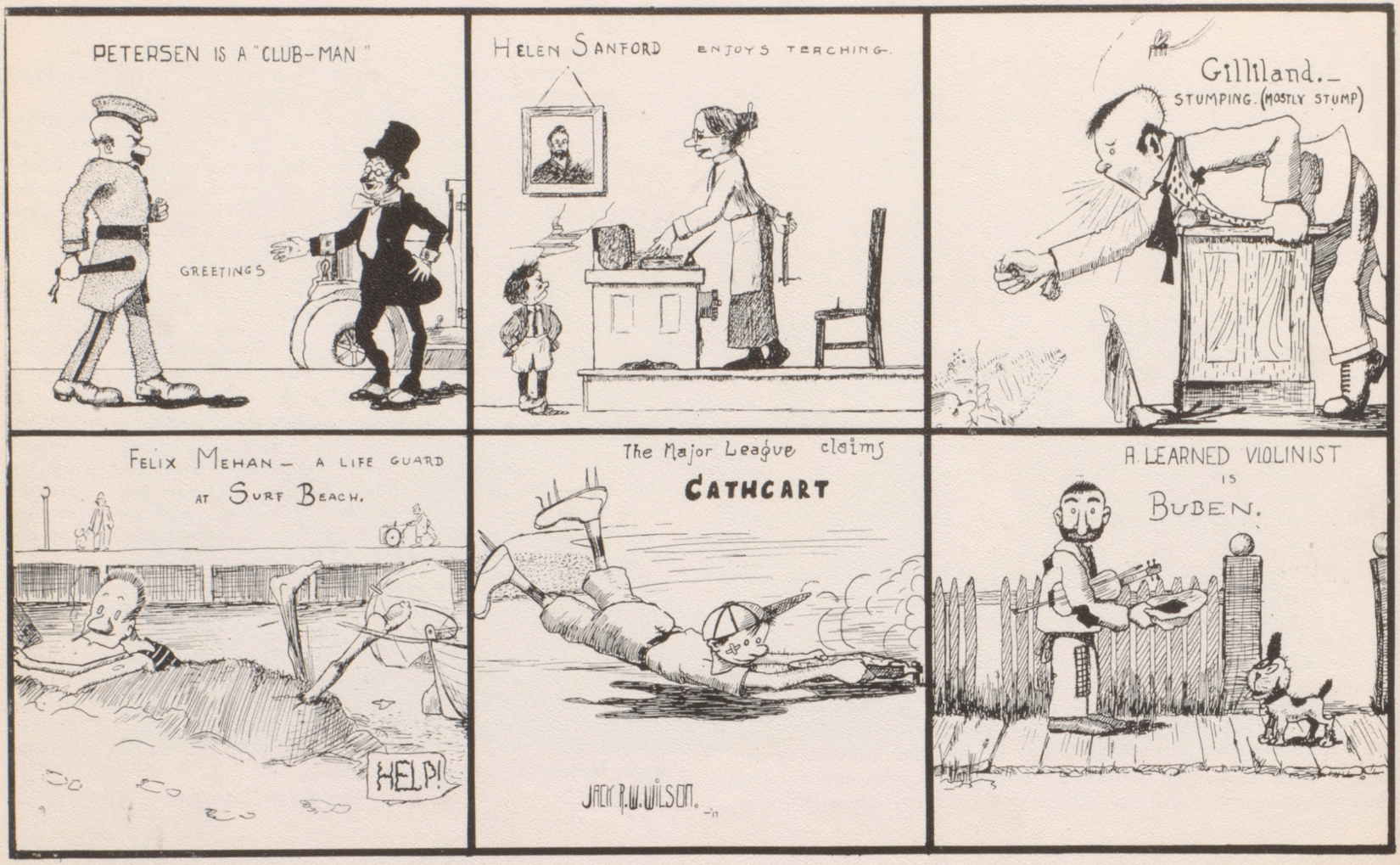
In our Low Junior term it was our duty to select pins. We decided to change the style from that of the acorn design usually accepted, and chose one which we believed to be the finest so far produced. Again we elected officers. These were: President, Russell Medcraft; Vice-President, Virginia Younger; Secretary, Russell Moulthrop; Class Editor, Albert Gilliland; Class Representatives, Helen Sanford and William Vaughan.

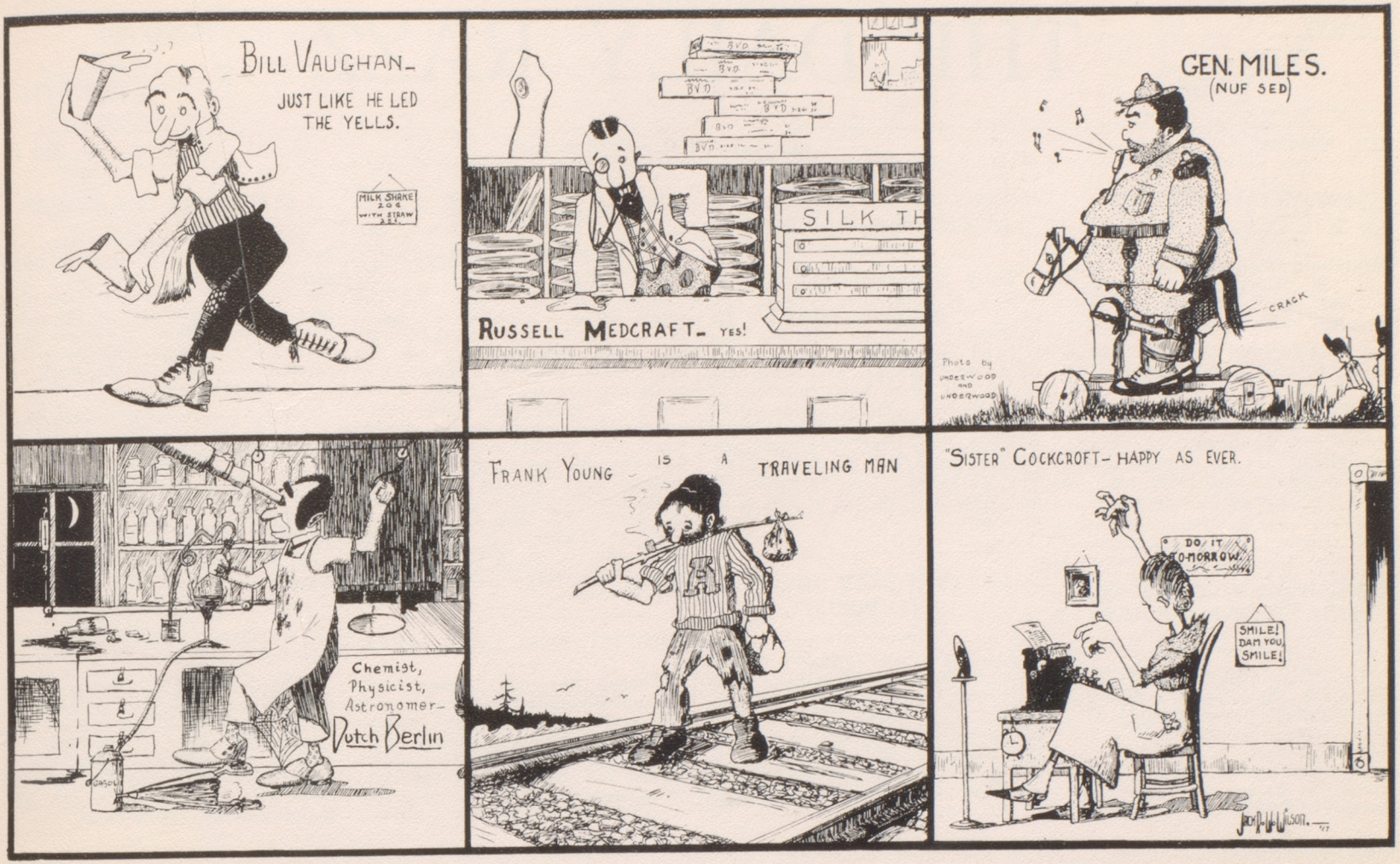
The term slipped by and we found ourselves High Juniors. We decided not to give a dance, but to save our energy for our Senior term when our activities would really commence. Our class officers were: Albert Gilliland, President; Alma Halcrow, Vice-President; Rudolph Buben, Secretary; Virginia Younger and Russell Medcraft, Class Representatives.

At last, in January, 1916, the class reached the dignified and exalted position of Seniors, and we entered upon our happiest and busiest year. Immediately we elected officers. These were: President, Rudolph Buben; Vice-President, Edith Corde; Secretary, Norman Eckley; Treasurer, Marion Farrington; Class Representatives, William Cathcart and Phoebe Winslow. As usual, the girls of the class welcomed the Freshmen girls at the Adelphian Hall. The program included an entertaining skit entitled, "An Afternoon with the Dippidome Theatrical Agency," which was greatly enjoyed by everyone. On February 11, we produced John Barrie's play, "Quality Street," the production being coached by Mr. Fred Carlyle and managed by William Vaughan so successfully that the class was able to clear $200. Our class is indeed a record breaker, this being the greatest sum made up to that time at the Adelphian Hall for a Senior production. Of the proceeds of the Senior play we, early this term, gave the school $100 to help purchase a moving picture machine. Following the graduation exercises the class gave an informal dance and supper to the graduates at the home of Miss Elsie Bishop.

On July 31 we became High Seniors with land sighted and our ship sailing straight for the harbor. Our officers were: William Cathcart, President; Mignon Henrici, Vice-President; Frank Young, Secretary; Rudolph Altona, Treasurer; Marion Farrington, Class Editor. The class is now planning the details of graduation and the Senior dance which we are looking forward to with great anticipation, although we regret leaving behind days which will become pleasant memories of work made lighter by happy associations.

MARION FARRINGTON, '16.


PETERSEN IS A "CLUB-MAN"
GREETINGS
HELEN SANFORD ENJOYS TEACHING.
Gilliland.—
STUMPING. (MOSTLY STUMP)
FELIX MEHAN — A LIFE GUARD
AT SURF BEACH.
HELP!
The Major League claims
CATHCART
JACK P.W. WILSON.
A LEARNED VIOLINIST
IS
BUBEN.


BILL VAUGHAN–
JUST LIKE HE LED THE YELLS.
MILK SHAKE 20¢ WITH STRAW 25¢
RUSSELL MEDCRAFT– YES!
SILK TH
GEN. MILES.
(NUF SED)
CRACK
Photo by UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD
FRANK YOUNG IS A TRAVELING MAN
Chemist, Physicist, Astronomer–
Dutch Berlin
"SISTER" COCKCROFT– HAPPY AS EVER.
DO IT TO-MORROW.
SMILE! DAM YOU, SMILE!

SHOT FROM GUNS

THE DAILY RAZZ

PURIFIES THE BREATH

VOL. 4,394,647 ALAMEDA, CAL., JUNE 9, 1939 No. 16

FINANCIAL SUNSHINE.

Lieutenant Now Walks on Easy Street.

A vast fortune has been recently left to Lieutenant Gordon Hussey, U.S.A., by a heretofore unknown relative. He is now indulging his fancy in diamond sunbursts and jewel studded swords, exclusively. He has also presented his charming young wife with an exquisite tiara-cotta lavaliere.

o

CHILDHOOD ROMANCE CULMINATES IN MARRIAGE.

News has come to us from across the seas of the elopement of Miss Marjorie Boyce, a Hung(a)ry social service worker and a foreign missionary in Greece. This has come as a great surprise to her friends at home, who have just learned of her latest escapade.

EXPERT SWIMMER NARROWLY ESCAPES DROWNING.

Early yesterday morning the winner of numerous Turkish Trophies, Alice Moran, Alameda's famous deep-sea diver, who has lately won international recognition in aquatic circles, and who has, up to this time, been mistress of the sea, was almost conquered by the water. Her life was in peril while she was practicing some new Hungarian strokes in the bathtub. The world is indeed fortunate to have retained the life of one of its prodigies.

o

SOCIETY WOMAN NOW PHILANTHROPIST.

Atlantic City, June 9. Mrs. Cyril-Smelte-Beer McSnooks, who was Miss Mignon Henrici, has turned her beautiful home on Marlborough Terrace into kennels for melon collies. She is using the McSnooks fortune in this charity work, and is giving her entire time to this worthy cause.

SOCIETY FAVORITE SETS NEW STYLE.

Fur Neckties the Rage.

Palm Beach, June 9.—The smart set has adopted the latest fashion set by Mr. Vaughan. He was seen this morning on the board-walk, wearing a classy chinchilla fur bow-tie. By noon a majority of the ultra-elite had taken up the fad, which really started when this social pet introduced, for evening wear, fur cuffs to match his ermine tie. Mr. Vaughan has brought absolutely the last word from London, and has not made such a sensation since the races this season, on which occasion he appeared in beaded spats.

o

PUGILIST NOW LIFE SAVER.

Mussell Redcraft, former pugilist and all-around athlete, is now life-saver and swimming instructor at Surf Beach. The fair frequenters of this delightful resort regard Mr. Redcraft in the light of a hero, as he has already rescued several of the beach nuts.

A SCREAM ON THE SCREEN.

Miss Mildred Griffitts has forsaken the legitimate stage, and has signed a five-year contract with the Bitograft Moving Picture Co. She portrays the part of the good old Roman, Rumpus Hilarious, and with her exceptional ability along farcical lines she is the very essence of absurdity.

o

MAN KNOCKED DOWN BY JITNEY.

If he had bought his suit from Hermann Petersen's Fashionable Tailoring Establishment, his appearance would have upheld him. Advt.

o

NEW INVENTION.

Miss Gretchen Lutjens and Miss Ethel Musgrave are the originators of, and have taken out patents for, two useful household commodities; namely, eye-openers and padded battle-axes, indispensable to the housewife, and suitable for the training of the young child.

THE DAILY RAZZ

Gets Razzed Daily

Entered as Vegetable Matter

THE STAFF

Editors { M. Aniac Farrington
E. Rratic Corde

EDITORIAL.

Having thought deeply upon the subject of school finances, we have come to the conclusion that the plan we submit is most advisable. We feel that the school is in dire need of, and could profit greatly by, a parking station located in the basement; the bicycle racks to be used for the Fords. The owners of the cars would pay monthly dues; in return for which their machines would be overhauled and scrubbed daily by the Associated Student Secretary, who would utilize his study periods and recess in this manner. Gasoline made on the premises by the chemistry class would be sold at a nominal price. The money collected would, of course, be turned over to the A. S. A. H. S. treasury.

DRAMATICS.

Frank Young is now starring in the two culinary comedies entitled, "The Potato Masher," and "The Lemon Squeezer."

Foster Miles is making a big hit this season at "Pantages" in the new song hits, "Peeking Through the Knotholes of Grandma's Wooden Leg," and "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder?"

CHURCH NEWS.

Swami Mehan will speak Sunday morning at the Hindu Temple on "How to Get to Heaven by the Underground Route." Gita and Yoga classes held every evening by Swami Berlin to heal holey soles. Free-will offerings. All are welcome.

YE HOCKE SHOPPE.

Stolen articles bought and sold. No questions asked.

Write for our illustrated Booklet: "There's a Reason."

I. SWIPSKI.

SOCIETY.

By Lady Teasop.

Yesterday afternoon Miss B. Goodman entertained a number of her friends with a sewing-bee. The interior of the house was honey-combed with spring blossoms, and honey bees flitted to and fro behind Japanese screens. After a delightful repast the hostess presented each guest with a dainty hunk of bees-wax. Miss Phoe Bee Winslow favored the guests with a charming selection entitled "Wings and Stings." The guests were gowned in many imported creations, one of them being an exquisite Oriental yellow-jacket worn by Miss Frances Melcher. It was regretted that Miss Irene Jacobs could not be present as she had an acute attack of hives.

Miss Helen Sanford was hostess at an informal reception in her garage last evening. The decorations were bleeding-hearts and wild thyme. The refreshments were angel's kisses and lady-fingers. The guest enjoyed himself very much, and, on departure, was presented with a quaint little button-hole bouquet of morning glories.

ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL.

A new baseball champion has been unearthed! A star of the first magnitude has risen in the athletic sky! "Billium" Cathcart, known in sporting circles as "Pussy" Cat (h) cart, is now pitcher for the All-Black Tom-Cat League. Atta boy "Puss." Meow-rr!!

FOOTBALL.

"Big" Buben, star of the Union Iron Works Football Team, and the Epworth League, has been offered the position of head coach at Wellesley this year. Buben had intended spending some time in New York, but, as no one who has visited that city and has thereby been exposed to infantile paralysis will be allowed to enter this eastern college, Mr. Buben will forego his intended pleasure trip. Instead, he will enjoy a short sojourn in Corning before leaving for the East.

Our motto: Kwitchernockin.

AGONY COLUMN.

Nicker: Have noticed "Frenchy" wearing diamond ring. Find out if it's serious. Bocker.

—o—

Lonesome stenographer would like to work for good looking young man. Pay no object. H. Hodges, 207 9th St.

—o—

Dear Miss Barebax:
What would you do if you were I? I. MOE.
Ans. Keep on mowing.

—o—

(Note: Printed by request).
Lessons for beginners concerning natural affinities. Address N. Eckley, Dep't of Chemistry, Seminary of Beaux Arts, Tarrytown, N. Y.

—o—

Remember the Razz.

—o—

FUNERAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Died in this city, dearly beloved brains of Leona Fleckenstein. Open air services at corner of Park Street and Encinal Avenue. Please bring flowers.

WANT AD SECTION.

EXPERT LADIES' TAILOR.

Button-holes a specialty,
Perfect fits (and other spasms)
Measurements taken at all hours of the day and night.
JOE HOLLINGS, Prop.

—o—

SPIRITUALISM.

Mlle. Ludovici, noted palmist and clairvoyant, demonstrates significance of the itching palm, and spirits away your cash.

—o—

"Walkin' the Dog," and all popular dance steps taught. Class lessons 10 cents. Private instruction free for ladies.
"Tanglefoot" GILLILAND.

—o—

CHIROPODIST.

Corns, bunions, warts and ingrown nails renovated by Dr. Cornelius Stebbins. 102 Corn Alley.

—o—

Don't forget our motto.

Miss Elizabeth Cockroft wishes to announce that she will chaperon parties to the opera and all places of amusement, including moving-picture shows and nickel dances.

—o—

Miss Genevieve Kerdell is now matron of the Napa Asylum, and in her spare time takes the inmates riding in her jitney.

—o—

CONCERT.

Next Friday afternoon, at Binder's Drug Store, Annette Haskins will give that heart rending solo, which never fails to create sympathy in her audience, entitled, "I Never Knew What Looks Could Do, 'Till I Rouged Up One Time."

—o—

Wear Halcrow's Rubber Gloves for dish-washing; keep your nails from getting rusty.

—o—

LOST AND FOUND.

Left on the "dink," one pair of corduroys. If an article resembling a circus tent is found, please return to F. Miles.

—o—

Furs—Catskins wanted, preferably raw. Also will pay well for gophers.
D. DUVENECK.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Tonsorial Parlor.

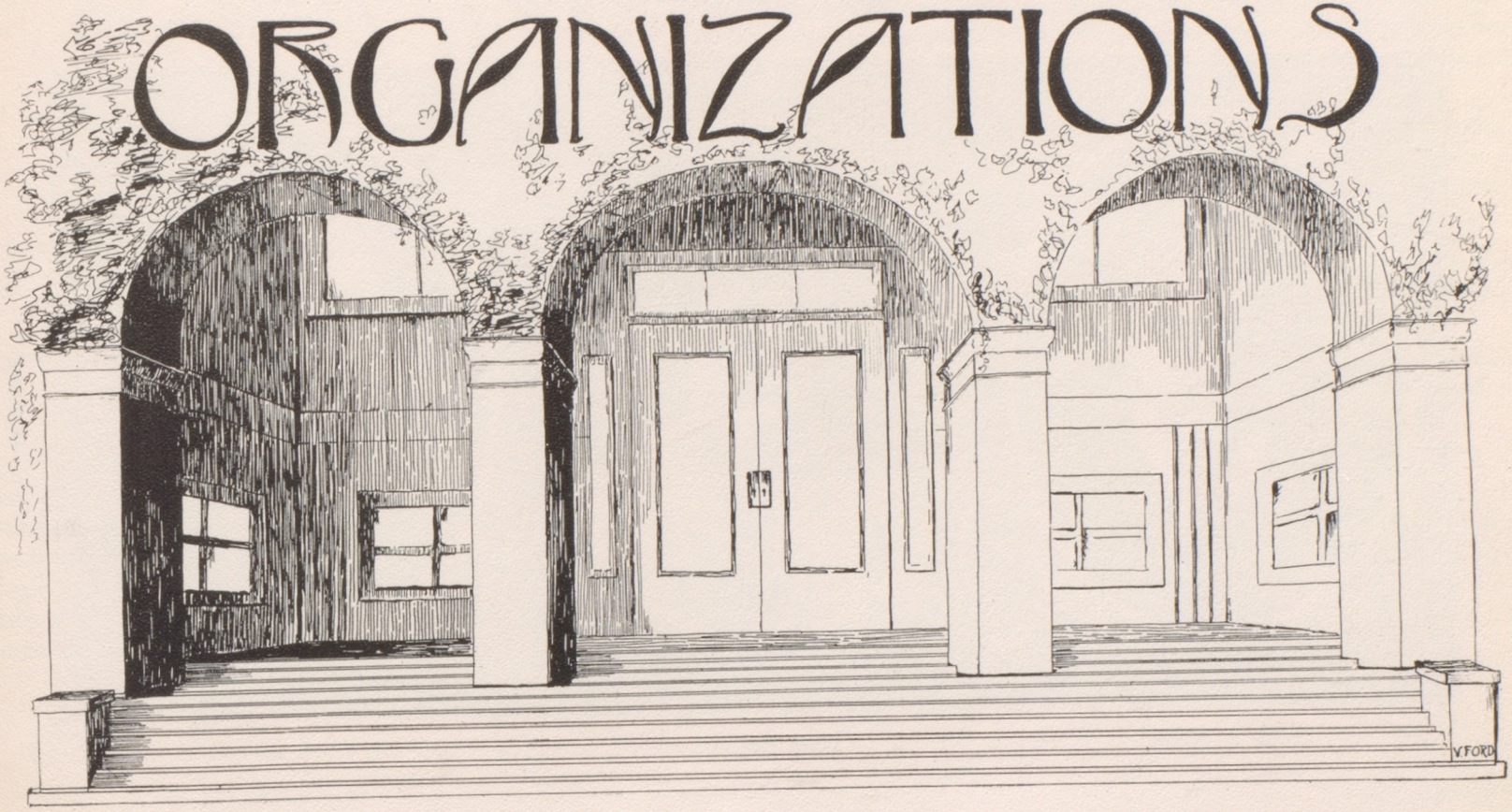
Rudolph Altona will shortly open his new barber shop. He will be the sole agent for Altona's Ambrosial Herpicide in "Brown Bottles." Miss Lucile Goeler will be the assistant lady barber to wait on Mr. Altona's customers.

—o—

A RAZZY BUNCH.

The Alameda High School now Bosts, a King, a Barron, and two Knights. It also provides a Plumtree for two Robbins and two Dickeys. There are also Brooks for a Fish with one Gill that must beware of a Fisher. A Frost helps to Freese a Poole hidden in a Littlefield. The Rohr of a Bahr frightens a Hunter coming from the chase with his Kerr and the Hyde of a Doe on his shoulder. The school has donated two Nichols to buy three Fords and a Recford, and has engaged the services of a Cooley from Canton to clear the Carrs. Twice a week a Camper and a Miner walk Miles over the Moss in the Wood to a Hutt for some Bacon. The school has become religious, for every evening two Bishops, a Frier, and a Goodman are seen going to Vesper's.

ORGANIZATIONS



Associated Student Officers

Philip T. Holden

Helen Sanford

F. Foster Miles

Officers of the A. S. A. H. S.

President.....*Philip T. Holden*

Vice-President.....*Helen Sanford*

Secretary.....*F. Foster Miles*

Treasurer.....*Mr. Paul L. Evans*

Appreciation

THE Administration takes this opportunity to extend its appreciation for the loyal support rendered by the faculty and the students this semester.

From the standpoint of activities it may well be said that this semester has been a most successful one. The students have rallied to the cause of the Motion Picture Machine Fund by supporting the University of California Glee Club Concert and the Monsen Lectures. Several classes also have made contributions to the same fund, thus showing that the proper spirit is not lacking. The Senior Play was a great success, all records for attendance being broken. The Junior Class revived the old custom of giving a dance, but this semester admission was charged, and the proceeds devoted to the Motion Picture Fund.

The *Oak Leaf* has become an established school activity, and has not only financed itself this semester, but has paid a deficit left from last term's issue, thus proving the popularity of the publication.

The concert given under auspices of the Star and Key was a delightful entertainment, and the money has been turned over to a noble cause; namely, the Star and Key Loan Fund.

The expenses of Athletics have been heavy, as the football team had to be supported. All students not having A. S. A. H. S. cards were required to pay admission to the league games.

This system has helped the school financially, and it is hoped that the same may continue next semester. At the present time it is difficult to state just how much the present administration will leave in the treasury, but we sincerely hope that this term may end as successfully as the preceding one.

PHILIP T. HOLDEN.

Members of Administrative Board

President ..... *Philip T. Holden*
Vice-President ..... *Helen Sanford*
Secretary ..... *F. Foster Miles*
Treasurer ..... *Mr. Paul L. Evans*

MEMBERS-AT-LARGE

Will Gill, Mignon Henrici, Irving Edinger, Rudolph Buben, Martha Linderman, Mark McKimmins.

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES.

High Senior ..... *Phoebe Winslow, William Cathcart*
Low Senior ..... *Mildred Maurer, Coltman Shepard*
High Junior ..... *Edith Myers, Hallock Davis*
Low Junior ..... *Louise Walden, Willis Garrettson*
High Sophomore ..... *Isabel Snyder, Newell Hart.*
Low Sophomore ..... *Regina Knudsen, Thornton Davis*
High Freshman ..... *Cecil Putnam, Elizabeth Garrett*
Low Freshman ..... *Melita Hutt, John McKean*

Seniors

Low Senior Class

President.....*Edric Brown*
Vice-President.....*Helen Rounds*
Secretary.....*Virginia Grahn*
Class Representative.....*Coltman Shepard*
Treasurer.....*Will Gill*
Class Editor.....*Anna Hunt*
Class Representative.....*Mildred Maurer*

SOON after the opening of the fall term, the Low Senior Class decided to present the customary play. "The lawney of the Wells," a comedy in four acts, by Pinero, was finally selected as the most suitable for presentation. With the efficient assistance of the Faculty Committee, Mr. Carlyle,—the coach, and Manager Harold Kahn, the play was a decided success. The cast was exceptionally well fitted to the different parts. The net proceeds of the production were two hundred and twenty dollars; this large sum exceeding that made by any former class.

Next semester the class anticipates entering into several activities, making the senior dance and graduation the big events of the term.

JUNIORS

High Junior Class

President ..... *Willard Wood*
Vice-President ..... *Pearl Nichols*
Secretary ..... *Harry Westphal*
Editor ..... *Jessyl Jacobs*
Class Representative ..... *Edith Meyers*
Class Representative ..... *Hallock Davis*

In the beginning of the term, the class of December, '17, elected the above officers, but, owing to the numerous other events of the first few months, the class postponed its activities until later in the term.

The members of the class enjoyed a pleasant evening at the home of Edith Meyers.

The class has plenty of "pep," and a good deal can be expected of it in its senior year. It hopes to make a hit with the selection of a senior play, and feels sure that the actors will outshine all former stars in the rendering of their roles.

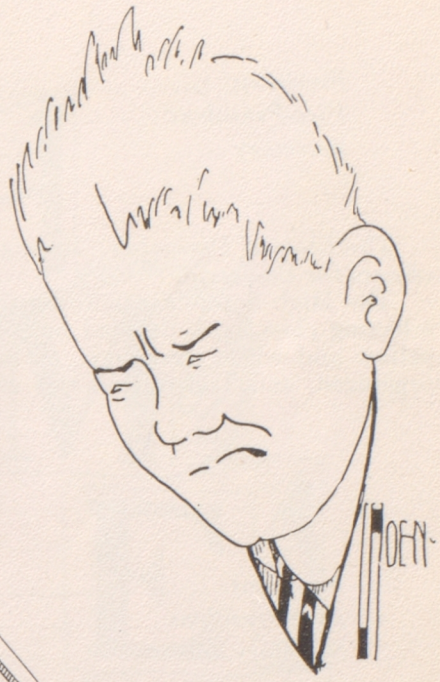
Keep your eye on the class of December, '17.

Low Junior Class

President ..... *Robert Lamborn*
Vice-President ..... *Dorothy Deardorff*
Secretary ..... *Rodney Reynolds*
Class Editor ..... *Ruth Jackson*
Class Representative ..... *Louise Walden*
Class Representative ..... *Willis Garrettson*

The class of June, '18, contrary to the proverbial lack of spirit in Junior classes, has shown a great deal of that commodity this term. The class met for organization in the early part of the term, and an enthusiastic set of officers was elected. A most original design was chosen for the Junior Class pin,—a small oak leaf of green gold with the letters and numerals raised in the center of the leaf. The Low Junior boys were the second to get their class caps, which are of large black and white checked material with a triangular button of yellow and white. The class also gave a "Junior Prom." on the tenth of November, managed by Lester McIver, the proceeds going to the Motion Picture Fund.

SOPHOMORES



High Sophomore Class

President.....*Herndon McNutt*
Vice-President.....*Eileen Nelson*
Secretary.....*Audrey Durst*
Class Representative.....*Newell Hart*
Treasurer.....*Perry Adams*
Editor.....*William Taylor*
Class Representative.....*Isabel Snyder*

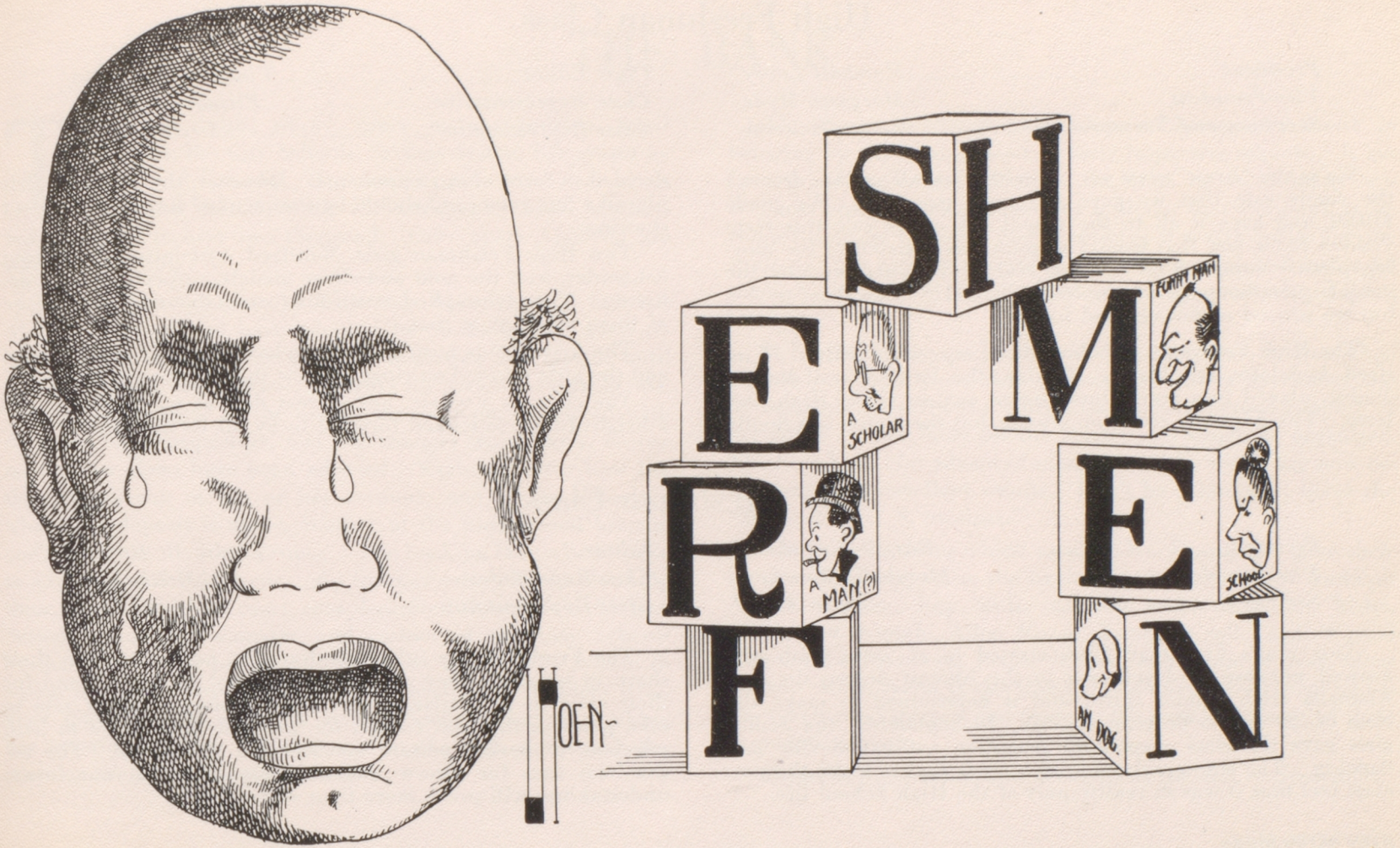
The Class of December, '18, organized and elected the above officers for this term.

The High Sophomores, following the lead of the Seniors in selecting class caps, decided on a black and white check with yellow and white streamers. A Sophomore football team was organized, and Tom Bacon was elected captain. A game was played between the Sophomores and the Freshmen; the lower class being defeated by a score of eight to three. A candy sale was held by the girls, the proceeds going toward the moving picture machine fund. The class, which has shown considerable enthusiasm since its entrance into the high school, hopes to keep up this record in its Junior year.

Low Sophomore Class

President.....*Robert Lauenstein*
Vice-President.....*Rae Eubanks*
Secretary.....*Warfield Wells*
Class Editor.....*Eileen Eyre*
Class Representative.....*Thornton Davis*
Class Representative.....*Regina Knudsen*

The Low Sophomore class of this term possesses a great deal of the proverbial "pep." Now that its members have passed the "scrub" year, they are determined to take a prominent part in school activities. The class of June, '19, has tried hard to live up to Dr. Thompson's assertion that, "It is the best class that ever entered Alameda High." The Low Sophomores held their first meeting in the early part of the term, and elected the above officers. At the third meeting a vaudeville show was suggested; but, owing to the many other school affairs, the idea was temporarily dropped. A candy sale was given instead, and a goodly sum was turned over to the Student Body. The class has several ideas to be developed in the future, and everything seems to be working out successfully. A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown, and the outlook for the class of June, '19, is a very bright one.


SH
E
M
R
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F
N
A SCHOLAR
A MAN (?)
FORTY MAN
SCHOOL
MY DOG
HOEH-

High Freshman Class

President ..... *Marshall Lovey*
Vice-President ..... *Margaret Hyde*
Secretary and Treasurer ..... *Thomas Halcrow*
Class Editor ..... *Winifred Aydelotte*
Class Representative ..... *Elizabeth Garrett*
Class Representative ..... *Cecil Putnam*

We're the "livest" class yet. Really, they all say so. Doesn't the candy sale that we gave last term prove it? We made $10.50, and gave it all to the school. A candy sale this term yielded $5.50, and that goodly amount was donated to the moving picture fund. Were we not real brave when we met the great big Sophomores on the football field? They beat us 3-0, but we proved ourselves good losers.

The High Freshman girls have been especially active. Winifred Aydelotte and Marian Martine, the latter a well known Junior, played in a tennis tournament against Girls' High, last term. The Alameda girls won one set, but the match was finally decided in favor of our opponents. However, the Alameda girls played a fine game, and should be commended for their excellent showing.

Two High Freshman girls, Winifred Aydelotte and Marion Schneider, won the gold and silver medals, respectively, for debating. They triumphed over four formidable opponents—one of them a Senior at that.

The first of this term the boys selected very becoming caps, and the girls decided on rings to show their class spirit.

The class, as a whole, has a great deal of school spirit, and a bright future is looked forward to by all its members.

Low Freshman Class

President ..... *Russell Knowland*
Vice-President ..... *Marybelle Worthen*
Secretary ..... *Jean Hunt*
Editor ..... *Louise B. Hanley*
Class Representative ..... *Melita Hutt*
Class Representative ..... *John McKean*

This year's Freshman Class started in at once with the avowed purpose of developing to the highest degree the real Alameda High School spirit, and it determined to make the class of '20 one to be remembered. In September, the Senior girls gave the class a splendid reception with vaudeville and dancing. The warm welcome did a great deal to make the new class feel that it was in reality part of the High School life.

The Freshmen are full of enthusiasm, and aim to do their share in whatever they can, for the school in general and for their class in particular. They are planning a candy sale to take place in the near future, the proceeds to be used to help purchase a moving picture machine for the school. The enthusiasm thus far shown makes it apparent that our future undertakings will prove more than successful.

THE BANK

TIME and results show! Since its organization, April 22, 1914, the City Schools' Savings System has grown by leaps and bounds. The deposits now total over seven thousand dollars, while the number of open accounts has increased to over two thousand. Once again Alameda has started something!

Schools from all parts of California have inquired into the A. H. S. system, and have adopted its methods with good results. From year to year we have improved our system until now it is practically flawless. During the summer vacation, Mr. Evans, the manager of the savings department, conferred with the state bank inspectors, and the changes which were recommended by them have been adopted. Each depositor now has three duplicates of his or her account: one at the school in which the deposit is made, another at the high school branch, and another at the bank proper. The banking laws which make us a branch of the Alameda and Citizens Savings Banks also hold these banks liable for every cent deposited through the Savings System. Both the manager and cashier of the City Schools Savings System are required to go under bond. The system in which our books are checked against each other renders it almost impossible to make an error. Each student of banking has certain duties to perform, and at the end of the day the postings are checked and audited.

The grammar schools have taken an increased interest in bringing up the total deposit of their respective schools. It has been gratifying to the officers of the bank to see so many new accounts opened and enlarged, as it shows that the bank is accomplishing its purpose, and is making it worth while for the students. An account opened in grammar school, and increased through the school career, becomes an appreciated deposit later on.

It has been due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Evans, when various problems arose, that the bank is still in operation, and he certainly deserves the enthusiastic and generous support of the entire student body for the department which he organized. The boys have also advanced many new ideas which are now being used with excellent results. Don't be a knocker; boost the "Made at A. H. S. product."

The banking force which assisted Mr. Evans, and gave their conscientious support to the bank this term consists of Rudolph Altona, cashier; Roy Stulz, assistant cashier; Foster Miles, William Wahmuth, Alice Moran, Louise Croll, and Harold Almond, bookkeepers; Pettes St. Sure and Leslie McIver, filing clerks. Much credit is also due the grammar school force which has taken great interest and pride in the weekly deposits of their respective schools.

Below is the condition of accounts at the end of September:

STATEMENT ALAMEDA SAVINGS BANK.

Balances September 28, 1916:

High	$ 938.77
Porter	355.92
Mastick	223.51
Lincoln	500.90
Haight	431.48
Night	21.53
Washington	687.97
Longfellow	339.97
Everett	78.16
Total Balance	$3578.21

STATEMENT CITIZENS SAVINGS BANK.

Balance September 28, 1916:

High	$ 981.01
Porter	500.65
Lincoln	272.05
Haight	428.04
Night	3.03
Mastick	479.36
Washington	469.91
Longfellow	231.55
Everett	95.35
Total Balance	$3460.95

RECAPITULATION.

Balance Alameda Savings Bank	$3578.21
Balance Citizens Savings Bank	3460.95
Total Balance	$7039.16

The Bean Feeds

IT was in the year 1910 that the Bean Feeds at the Y. M. C. A originated. At this time the "feeds" were for Oakland Schools only; but in 1913, owing to the fact that we did not have any Y. M. C. A. in our city, it was decided to let Alameda High take part in the "feasts." Last year three hundred different fellows attended over one-third of the sessions. During this year three tons of beans were devoured by the High Schools, along with an ample amount of slaw, buns, doughnuts, cake and chocolate.

The purpose of these "feeds" is to have the students meet together in their discussion rooms. Here, after a hearty supper, problems which every High School fellow meets with are discussed. The Alameda group is under the supervision of Mr. Caldwell. The students are favored now and then with addresses by different teachers.

Among some of the best were those by Doctor Thompson, Mr. Smith, Mr. Coan, and the talk on will-power by Mr. Carpenter.

After the discussion groups, the boys enjoy the privileges of the swimming tank, the pool room, the bowling alleys and the boys' game room.

The officers for the Senior and Junior group are as follows: President, Rudolph Buben; Secretary, Will Gill; Yell Leader, William Vaughan; Advertising Committee, Leslie McIver and Robert Lamborn. The officials for the "Sophs" and "Freshies" are as follows: President, Richard Schliewiensky; Vice-president, Frances Graves; Yell Leader, Jack Moran.

The Girls' Glee Club

THE Girls' Glee Club resumed practice rather late in the term, because of the delayed return of their leader, Miss McDermott. Despite this fact, they are very enthusiastic; and have been attending regular practice.

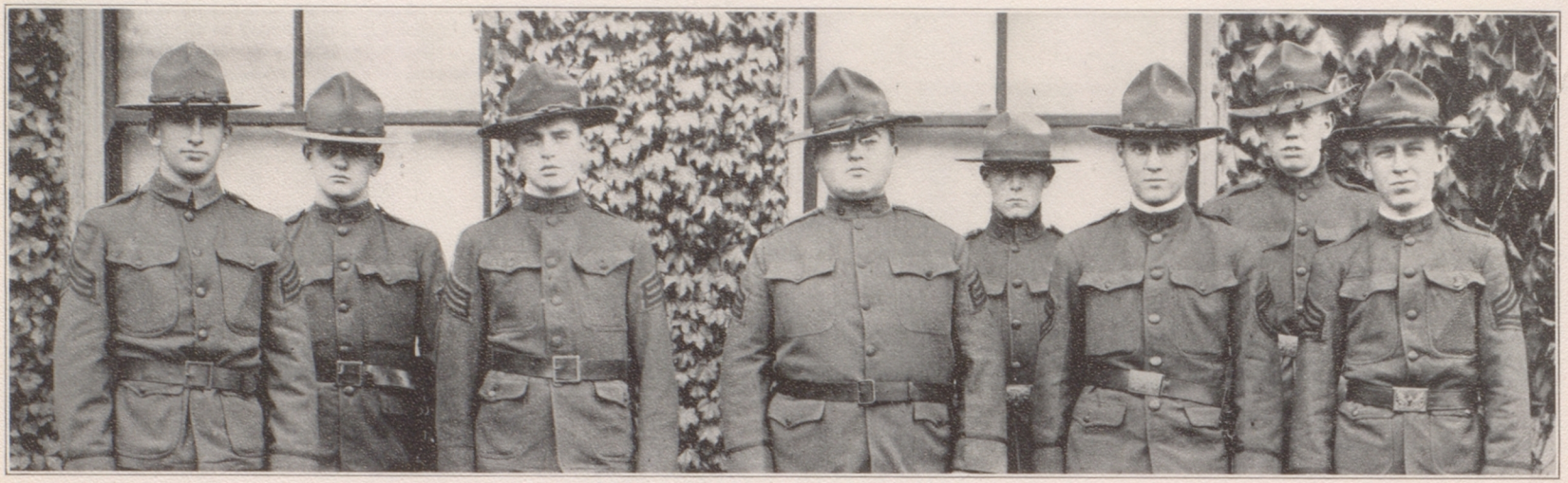
New members have been added, selected from Miss McDermott's choral class. They are: Bonita Hunt, Maybelle Worthen, Gladys Petry, and Claudine Brandt.

The future plans of the club have not been made public yet, but as usual the girls will participate in several programs. Miss McDermott has obtained several carefully chosen songs, which the members hope to present on these various occasions. The club has been organized long enough now to have established a reputation, which its members are earnestly endeavoring to maintain. Competition with the newly organized Boys' Glee Club is another incentive for the girls.

Under their leader's judicious guidance the girls hope to advance considerably in ability and accomplishment.

MILITARY

Officers of the A. H. S. Cadets



D. Osborn N. Eckley M. McKimmins C. Youngberg F. Miles G. Nordlund M. Loring F. Terry

THE plan of having cadets at Alameda High School was first introduced in 1914, and under the direction and command of John Ganser, two companies were formed in that year. With the assistance of Leland Sweeney the rudiments of disciplinary drill were taught, but since no arms could be obtained, the cadets soon lost interest. As a result, the organization of cadets at Alameda High School was disbanded.

In January, 1915, the cadets were re-organized, and Harold Kahn was elected captain. Instead of the one company, two companies turned out, so that it was necessary to have a major. Foster Miles successfully passed the examination for major, and has since held that position very ably.

This term we hope, with the aid of the Citizens' Club, to have new rifles, uniforms which will be the property of the Q. M. Department, first-aid and heliograph equipment. Further-

A. H. S. Military Company

more, plans are being made so that two full days each term may be devoted entirely to military, and this will certainly be a great help toward creating interest in the cadets.

In the early part of this term, due to the poor arrangement of the drill periods, many found it very difficult and almost impossible to turn out. Now, since this has been changed, there is no reason why every boy in the school should not take part in military, or, at least, give the cadets the support they need.

Now, here is something which, without a doubt, very few fellows have ever considered. Did you, personally, ever stop to think of the great benefits to be derived from a military training? Did you ever think how training of this sort would make you respond quickly and accurately to a command, how it would give you mental as well as physical training, how it would promote self-reliance, bring about a more perfect co-ordination between mind and body, and give you a good start in the knowledge of military tactics? Very likely you have never considered any of the above points; however, if you have considered them, and aren't convinced, turn out with the cadets and you *will* be convinced.

The Star and Key Society

THE Star and Key Society, with an even larger enrollment than last term, has planned and accomplished many things under its capable and enthusiastic president, Reginald Vaughan. The meetings have been well attended, and all members have done their best to make this term one of the best ever known by the society.

During this term, new pins for the society were procured; though they retain their original design, they are of a much better and clearer cut and are considerably improved in appearance. They are of solid gold in place of the plated gold used previously, and instead of the green stone there is now a pearl. Those who have purchased the new pins are very much pleased with them.

The loan fund of the society, for the purpose of lending money to the graduates of Alameda High School who desire to enter college, has taken on a new interest, and the pupils of the entire school are doing all they can toward increasing it. A splendid entertainment, arranged by Russell Medcraft, was given at Washington School during the early weeks of the term. The proceeds, about sixty dollars, will be added to the loan fund.

During this term, the membership of the society has attained a very high standard. Let's all work to keep it up and make it even higher next term!

The permanent members of the Star and Key are as follows:

Harold Almond
Esther Anderson
Helen Anderson
Gray Boyce
Janet Brown
Augusta Buben
Ruth Carr
Bernice Christopher
Lewis Clark
Elizabeth Cockcroft
Edith Corde
Dorothy Deardorff
Dora Duveneck
Norman Eckley
Felice Elliot
Marion Farrington
Adeline Getz
Helen Goldthwaite
Bessie Goodman
Virginia Grahn
Edna Hansen
Eugenia Hauch
George Hughes
Ruth Jackson
Irene Jacobs
Elvira Johnson
Ruth Jones
Alma Lauenstein
Elinor Malic
Mildred Maurer
Herndon McNutt
Gilbert Mears
Louise Mears
Edith Meyers
Ingrid Moe
Elizabeth Myall
Edith Nickerson
James Pitman
Norman Plummer
Ruby Rodell
Helen Rounds
George Rose
Olga Scheuermann
Marjorie Stanley
Doris von Schoen
Robert Van Stan
Reginald Vaughan
Wm. E. Vaughan
Louise Walden
Anita Weichart
Phoebe Winslow

Star and Key Society

Marion Farrington
Treasurer

Paul St Sure
Secretary

Reginald Vaughan
President

Louise Mears
Editor

Helen Rounds
Vice-President

The A. H. S. Orchestra

THE Orchestra resumed its daily morning practice at the opening of the term under the leadership of Mrs. Tudor, who took Miss McDermott's place during her month's absence in the East. Miss McDermott spent much of her time, while away, in observing the methods employed for teaching music in the schools of the East.

Eighteen members compose the organization, whose earnestness of purpose is evinced by the fact that seldom are there any late arrivals at the practice, although it commences at eight o'clock.

The Orchestra is much in demand at school festivities and programs. It contributed the entire musical program at the Senior Play, and several numbers at the Parent-Teacher Association's meeting.

Only the best class of music is played, such as: the overture from "The Barber of Seville," Moskowski's "Suite of Spanish Dances," and selections from the "Mikado."

The Astronomy Club

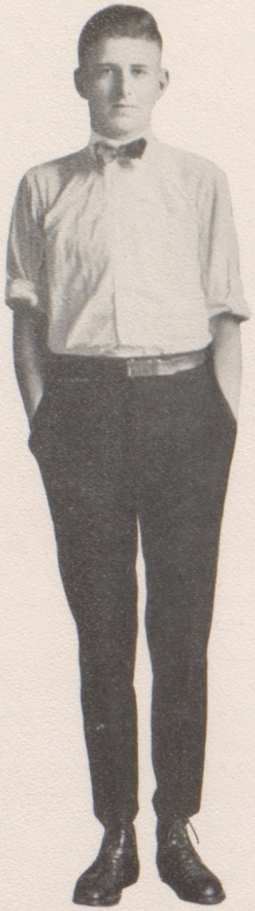
THE purpose of the club is to promote interest in astronomy among its members, and to aid them in studying that interesting subject. The meetings are held in the lecture room of the annex, at seven o'clock, Thursday evenings. The activities are ably directed by Miss Hewett, who has succeeded in obtaining for the members permission to visit many of the places of astronomical interest near Alameda.

This term, the club has gone to the University of California, where it has seen the telescopes and other instruments belonging to the University; and has visited one of the fifteen largest telescopes in the world, situated at Leona Heights. At the regular Thursday evening meetings at the school, when the sky was clear, observations of the moon and planets have been taken.

At the meetings, the regular business is first attended to; the remainder of the evening being devoted to observation and discussion of this most ancient of sciences. A new constitution has been adopted. The officers elected in the spring for this term are as follows: President, Lily Anderson; Vice-President, Emily Laloge; Secretary and Treasurer, Homer Kemble; Director, Miss Hewett.

Miss Hewett has been doing fine work in connection with the club's study of astronomy. Her generous devotion of time outside of school hours to the club's welfare has well merited the praise given her by the members.

The organization has seen the need for good instruments and other equipment, and is working hard to bring in the necessary funds. It is hoped that the tower to be erected on Porter School will be available for observation work. But even with their limited equipment the members are enthusiastic about the work, and are learning much that will be a great help to them should they study astronomy later.



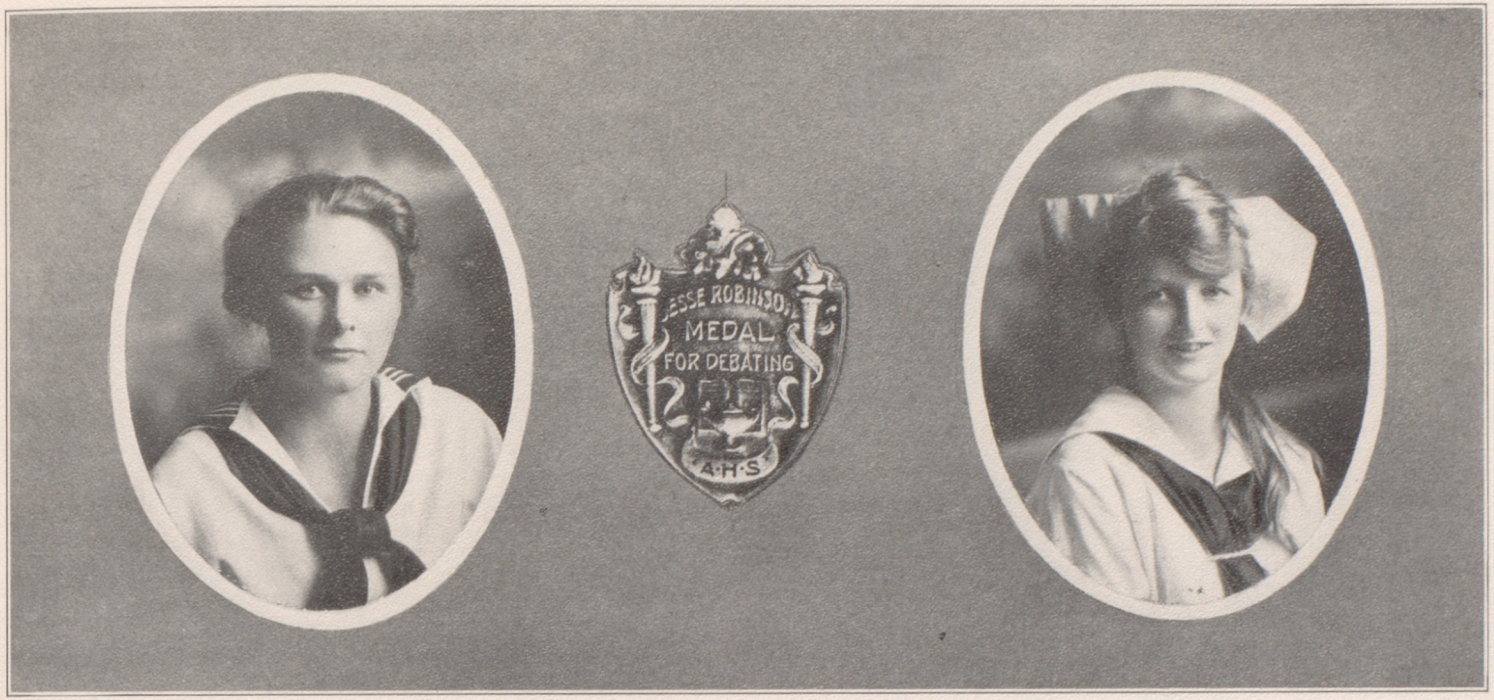
Yelling

A GREAT deal of enthusiasm has been shown this year in the Alameda High rooting section. "Everybody out," was the slogan, and it certainly produced results. The girls turned out in exceedingly creditable numbers, thus showing splendid spirit.

At every preliminary game there was a good, but not large rooting section. For every league game special cars transported the rooters to the field of battle, and there they vied with the other schools in noise making. Previous to every game, there was a yell rally. Many supported these, but there were a great many who did not attempt to let their voices loose. A large bonfire rally was held the night before the championship game with Berkeley High; on this occasion good speeches and novel stunts were given and the new yells practiced.

In closing, I wish to thank the Student Body of Alameda High School for the excellent support rendered me and the fine sportsmanlike attitude shown at the games.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN, Yell Leader.



Winifred Aydellotte
WINNER OF GOLD MEDAL

Marian Schneider
WINNER OF SILVER MEDAL

Debating

DEBATING In the Alameda High School entered upon a new era of activity when, on Medal Night of last term, six members of the debating society met in contest for the Jesse Robinson Debating Medals. These six members constituted the Medal Team which had been chosen through a series of preliminary contests in which more than twenty pupils had taken part. In debating the question of Compulsory Military Service in the United States, the members of the Medal Team were arranged as follows:

Affirmative	*Negative*
Russell Medcraft	Melvin McKerricher
Marion Schneider	Winifred Aydelotte
Jack Moran	Marshall Lovey

Fitting indeed it seems, at a time when women are awakening to a greater interest in civic affairs, and with the enthusiastic support of the girls of the school in general, that the girls of the team should have carried away the honors of the evening. However, the contest was close, and Miss Aydelotte and Miss Schneider in winning the gold and silver medals respectively, received trophies won only through persistent and untiring effort.

Through the generosity of Mr. Robinson, who has established these medal contests, and with the encouragement of the members of the faculty debating committee, who have debating at heart, this activity has risen to take its place with the foremost activities of the school. In addition to the regular work of the Debating Club, this semester has seen further progress in the way of the organization of separate boys' and girls' Debating Societies, in which training is given not only in debating, but also in parliamentary law.

The officers of the Debating Club are:

Jack Moran	*President*
Marshall Lovey	*Vice-President*
Winifred Aydelotte	*Secretary*
Albert Brooks	*Treasurer*

The Oak Leaf

THREE terms ago the Class in Journalism undertook the editing and publishing of *The Oak Leaf*, a self-supporting school paper which tends to bring about a closer relation between fellow-students. *The Oak Leaf* is a benefit to the student body, and provides practical and up-to-date knowledge of newspaper work for the Journalism Class. Such a publication shows the parents what the High School is accomplishing.

Four editions of *The Oak Leaf*, with a possible special fifth number, are published this term for the nominal price of twenty-five cents. Formerly the Administrative Board was given the privilege of electing a Manager who held that position throughout the semester for the sake of simplifying business arrangements. Now, however, *The Oak Leaf* is under the supervision of the Journalism Class, which appoints, by election at the beginning of each term, an Editor and Business Manager, who hold their respective offices during the school term. The Editor-in-Chief names his assistants for each new issue. This system affords experience in journalistic work for the editorial staff. Each member registered in the course has the oppor-

tunity of writing an article or editing a section at some time during the term.

The material in this paper consists largely of school activities, work of organizations, school and inter-class athletics, personals, and in short, all school interests.

The Journalism Class is under the able guidance of Arthur F. Agard, Head of the English Department, to whom is attributed a large part of the success of *The Oak Leaf*. If the student body continues to support this publication, as the Alameda High School grows, the subscription list will be enlarged and *The Oak Leaf* will have prospects for expansion and for a better paper.

Editor ..... Mildred Maurer
Business Manager ..... William Gill
Managing Editor ..... Pettes St. Sure
Assistant Managing Editor ..... Philip T. Holden

AN INTERIOR CIRCULATION.

There was a fat heathen
Two men he had eaten
On the banks of the overflowed Nile.
Said the heathen in glee,
"I have had a fine tea,"
And he patted his belt with a smile.

He grinned as he said,
"These men, tho' they're dead,
Have left me some relics outside,
For this fine pair of teeth
Will do in a wreath
To encircle my eighty-ninth bride."

But a tiger had heard
And contentedly purred
As he opened his jaws very wide.
So the poor black's last yell
And the false teeth as well
Now encircle the tiger inside.

—*Phyllis Edgell.*

DRAMATICS
E. GREAVES.

"Quality Street"

Each term it seems that the Low Senior Class, in producing a play, surpasses the work set in previous terms. So it appears in the last two cases at least. J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street," as presented by the December, '16, Class may be termed a phenomenal success. The present High Senior Class cleared two hundred dollars, and this set a financial standard only excelled by the June, '17, Class. The cast was well chosen and coached by Fred Carlyle, and the production ably managed by Wm. Vaughan.

THE CAST

Valentine Brown	Russell Medcraft
Ensign Blades	Albert Gilliland
A Gallant	Felix Mehan
Lieut. Spicer	Wm. Vaughan
Recruiting Sergeant	Rudolph Buben
Isabella	Rita Jenkins
Phoebe Throssel	Elizabeth Cockcroft
Susan Throssel	Helen Sanford
Miss Willoughby	Mignon Henrici
Fanny Willoughby	Alma Halcrow
Henrietta	Leona Fleckenstein
Charlotte	Edith Corde
Patty	Bessie Goodman
Harriet	Irene Jacobs
Old Soldier	Wm. Cathcart
Master Arthur Tomson	Annabel Wheaton

Assisted by Members Junior Dramatic Club
Ellen Medcraft, Kathleen Haslett, Elinor Haight, Elizabeth Pattiani
Marion Greenlee and Ruth Jenkins.

"Trelawney of the Wells"

The most successful show ever produced at the Adelphian Hall by a Low Senior Class was the one given under the auspices of the June, '17, Class of the Alameda High School. The play was one in which it was not easy for the actors to exhibit their histrionic ability, but all of them carried their parts in a highly creditable manner and deserve much praise. The cast was as follows:

THEATRICAL FOLK

Tom Wrench ..... Wm. Gill
Ferdinand Gadd ..... Edric Brown
James Telfer ..... Harold Kahn
Augustus Colpoys ..... Carlisle Youngberg
Rose Trelawney ..... Alice Culver

Of the Bagnigge-Wells Theatre

Avonia Bunn ..... Martha Hyde
Mrs. Telfer, Miss Violet ..... Virginia Grahn
Imogen Parrott, of the Royal Olympic Theatre ..... Mildred Maurer
O'Dwyer, prompter at the Pantheon Theatre ..... Joe Hollings
Mr. Denzil ..... Coltman Shepard
Mr. Mortimer ..... Gerean Nordlund
Mr. Hunston ..... Irving Edinger
Miss Brewster ..... Helen Rounds

Of the Pantheon Theatre

Hallkeeper, at the Pantheon ..... Edric Brown

NON-THEATRICAL FOLK

Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower, Kt. ..... Jack Wilson
Arthur Gower ..... } His { ..... Eugenia Hauch
Clara De Foenix ..... } Grandchildren { ..... Philip Holden
Miss Trafalgar Gower, Sir William's Sister ..... Marjorie Stanley
Captain De Foenix, Clara's husband ..... Gerean Nordlund
Mrs. Mossop, a landlady ..... Irene Williamson
Mr. Ablett, a grocer ..... Joe Hollings
Charles, a butler ..... Dudley Jorgenson
Sarah, a maid ..... Augusta Buben

Other Events

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

THE reception to the Freshman girls, given by the Senior girls, was held at Adelphian Hall on the afternoon of August 25. The program under the direction of Miss Irene Williamson was presented by the Low Seniors, while the High Senior girls provided the refreshments. Miss Helen Sanford with a few well chosen remarks heartily welcomed the new girls to the High School, and Miss Eleanor Gutsch responded for the class of June, '20.

The program consisted of the following numbers:

The Whistling Girl.....By Margaret Spruance
The "Glooms".....By the Joke Girls
The Summer Scene.....By Eight Ukelele Girls

"The Man Next Door".....(A skit)
Characters:
Constance.....Bernice Helm
Philip Melville.....Marjorie Stanley
Jack Winton.....Irene Williamson
The Talking Scrub Woman.....Mildred Maurer

New Songs.....Eugenia Hauch
Accompanied by Ruby Rodell and Virginia Grahn
Cartoons.....By Verena Ford
Song.....By Helen Murray
Shadow Picture.....By Z. Langhorne and L. Corde

After this entertaining and mirth-provoking program followed dancing and the serving of refreshments. The entire afternoon was greatly enjoyed by everyone, and countless new acquaintances were made.

MR. AGARD'S RECITAL

Upon two occasions during the semester Mr. Agard gave most pleasing piano recitals. The first one, on the afternoon of August 22, consisted of dance music of the different ages and peoples, portraying their characteristics through a careful reproduction of music typical of the different ages. The selections were:

Gavotte.....*Gluck-Brahms*
Minuet.....*Boccherini-Joseffy*
Movement from Concerto.....*Mozart*
Tramping Song.....*Old Russian*
Waltz in Slow Time.....*Kreisler*
Gypsy Czardas.....*Liszt*
Arabesques on Themes from Von Weber's "Invitation".....*Tausig*

Mr. Agard has for many years been appreciated by music lovers about the bay region, and although the recitals were not advertised outside of the school, both were attended by a goodly number of parents and townspeople, as well as the students.

The second program given toward the end of the year consisted of:

Romance from D Minor Concerto.....*Mozart*
Nocturne in F sharp.....*Chopin*
Barcarolle.....*Rubenstein*
Old Irish Air.....*Percy Grainger*
Graal and Swan Themes from "Lohengrin"..*Wagner*
Finale from "Die Rheingold".....*Wagner*

The Star and Key Loan Fund Concert

Among the successes of the semester was the concert given Thursday evening, September 14, at the Washington School Auditorium under the auspices of the Star and Key Society for the benefit of the Student Loan Fund. The program was a treat indeed; the music was given by the best local talent, and the dances by Miss Doris Haslett, together with Russell Medcraft's skit, "The Little Dancer," gave a very pleasing effect. The affair was managed by Miss Berg assisted by Russell Medcraft and Albert Gilliland.

The program in full was as follows:

1 Twelfth Rhapsodie.....*Liszt*
Miss Zdenka Buben.

2 (a) Widmung .....*Schumann*
(b) Die Lotus Blume.....*Schumann*
(c) Minnelied..... *Brahms*
Miss Claire Higby.
Miss Jean Vaughan, accompanist.

3 Pas Seul.....*Lacombe*
Miss Doris Haslett.
Orchestral Quintet.
Miss Mary McDermott, Leader.

4 (a) Give Me Your Smile.....*Rae*
(b) Mother Machree.....*Irish Folk Song*
Mr. Delano Cadman.

5 Japanese Dance.....*Sellenick*
Miss Doris Haslett.
Orchestral Quintet.

6 (a) Connais Tu le Pays—From "Mignon" .....*Thomas*
(b) A Red, Red Rose.....*Hastings*
Miss Katherine Geldermann.
Miss Jean Vaughan, accompanist.

7 The Little Dancer.....By Russell Medcraft
Yvette, the Little Dancer..Miss Doris Haslett
Philip, an artist.....Russell Medcraft
Violin Interludes.....Rudolph Buben

The U. C. Glee Club Concert

The reputation of the University of California Glee Club was substantially backed by their performance at the Haight School Auditorium, Friday evening, November 3.

The college songs, the humorous stunts and vaudeville acts amused everyone, and the lively dance music after the show made nimble the toes of many a youth.

The Ways and Means Committee handled the affair with Fred Terry as student manager, the proceeds going to the Motion Picture Fund.

Frederick Monsen Lectures

"Vanishing Indian Trails" and "Norway" were the subjects of illustrated lectures given by Frederick Monsen on the evenings of September 26, and October 3 respectively, for the purpose of enlarging the Motion Picture Machine Fund.

The lectures were intensely interesting and instructive, and as usual, Mr. Monsen's pictures were wonderful. The two entertainments were under the direction of the Music and Lecture Committee with Miss Garretson as chairman, assisted by A. Gilliland and R. Buben as student managers.

The Bonfire Rally

The greatest student rally ever held in Alameda was the bonfire rally held Hallowe'en night, the evening before the championship game with Berkeley.

The bonfire, the material for which was piled over twenty feet high, was set off at half-past seven amid the applause of hundreds of students and parents. Yells and songs were given, speeches were made and an effigy of Berkeley's team was burned on the pile. The searchlights arranged by Fred Terry and Foster Miles added whatever was needed in the way of the spectacular. Major Tilden, Alameda's greatest football fan, Dr. Thompson, Coach Rittler, President Holden and Captain Latham were among the speakers. Albert Brooks, Walter Dennison and Walter Cramer sang, accompanied by the banjo. The girls assisted financially by selling candy. After the program the boys serpentined around the town.

The entire affair was one big burst of whole-hearted enthusiasm and indeed it was so thoroughly enjoyed by all that we believe that the Bonfire Rally will be a customary celebration for Hallowe'en night.

EVOLUTION.

The *Freshman's* plight,
Is a pitiful sight,
He works and he works all the day.
Each teacher he fears,
And he quakes 'neath the leers
Of the other kids, care-free and gay.

With the *Sophomore* stage,
He begins to rage
'Gainst the virtue of Studying Hard.
And he feels the elation
Of Co-education,
Which results in a Red-Spotted Card.

The *Junior's* quite bold,
For he feels he's now old,
And he cares not a damn if he's rough!
He's proud that he shaves,
And of Zingg's joint he raves,
Getting by, if he can, with a Bluff.

But the *Senior* quiets down,
And recalls with a frown,
The hours that he's fooled away,
And the moral is this,
If you'd have Senior bliss,
You will work all four years of the way!

—*Russell Medcraft, '16.*

SCHOOL
NOTES

JULY—

31—Again? Yes; some day we'll say: "Those good old days at Alameda Hi. But, now?"

AUGUST—

1—A Frosh reports that Charlie Chaplin is perched in the Office.

2—Senior girls answer the S. O. S. call for nurse girls.

3—We are glad to see Miss Brown again, and delighted to keep Mrs. Hallett.

4—Star and Key Book Trust corners the market in thought food.

5—The first Saturday. Freshmen heave a sigh of relief.

7—Administrative Board sets dues at 75c and elects the "Acorn's" Editor and Manager.

8—Freshman who desired information about Military seeks A-gard.

9—The program is changed again. Never mind! That's not unusual.

10—First rugby turnout. Material looks good but young.

11—Associated Student Meeting. Lots of "pep"! Pres. Holden slips Miles for a moment.

12—Thou speakest well, Dr.; we do need more annexes, but go easy on the exes.

14—The High Senior class decides to assume the responsibility of publishing this very noble volume, "Ye Acorn," for Dec. 1916.

16—Mr. Stebbins beats a retreat for a cravat.

17—Head nurse, Helen Sanford, calls a meeting of the nurses to consider the most efficient means of eradicating the contagious epidemic of "sleepy brains" so prevalent among the "Frosh."

19—A. H. S. plays Cogswell for the first game of the season. Corks flew early, but the score grew to 24 - 5 for Alameda.

21—Dear me! What shall the Senior Play be?

22—Mr. Agard gives a delightful piano recital in the Assembly Hall.

AUGUST—

23—Manager Lester Bishop is compelled to appear with one black lamp since the first "Gridiron" struggle with Cogswell.

24—Step Rally held for Tribune Marathon. Senior Play try-outs are held.

25—Dr. Marshall visits school. Girls enjoy the greatest of all Frosh Receptions.

26—Alameda plays Lowell at the Stadium. We had 5 in our rooting section, but only 3 in our score vs. Lowell's 5.

28—Elizabeth wears a Dec. '16 class pin.(?)

29—Alameda second, beats Fremont second, at Lincoln Park. Score 6 - 3.

30—Alameda 50 - S. F. Commercial 0. A close contest, boys!

31—Coach Otto wears a fatherly smile.

SEPTEMBER—

1—"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark, the beggars are coming to town. Some in rags, some with jags and some in velvet gowns." Such rashness September morn brought forth!

2—A. H. S. - Cogswell game—nothing up.

4—Labor Day! Ye Faculty rest in peace! Your wayward lads are Galahads today.

5—"Oak Leaf" appears. Congratulations, Miss Mildred; it is a better sheet than ever.

6—From appearances, Zita, should you not continue your study of Spanish?

7—Mr. Smith leaves our Science Department for a call to Chico High.

8—Dennison proves that sulphur and zinc rapidly produce combustion. Lay off on the fumigating, Wal!

9—Alameda springs a surprise, and captures the much coveted Tribune Marathon Trophy.

11—Debating enthusiasts organize for their forensic warfare.

12—The Student Body is presented with the Tribune Marathon Cup, and the runners receive their bars.

13—Valence is explained in a novel way. "Hookers" is a popular and expressive term in modern Chemistry.

14—The Student Loan Fund Benefit is given at Washington School.

15—Now smile, boys; the vice-president is taking your picture.

16—Palo Alto High gives us a good game; the score being 14 to 8, favoring our team.
Alice Moran swims 103 laps at Cottage Baths in record time.

18—Alameda second team trims Richmond High 11 to 0.

19—Dr. Thompson: "I didn't hire Montgomery to be a soldier."

20—Mr. Phelps creates a scene.

21—Senior Play Rally! Mr. Carlyle speaks his piece with the same composure and exactness as he did ten years ago.

22—The Oak Leaf makes its second appearance.
"Trelawney of the 'Wells'" packs the house, amuses the audience, and enjoys unusual financial success.

23—Stockton 6, Alameda 4, at Stockton. Nuf Sed.

25—Administrative Board votes in favor of purchasing a moving picture machine for the school. Tom Hutt elected manager of the second team.

26—League Game No. 1. Alameda defeats Fremont 3 to 0.
Frederick Monsen lectures for "Movie" Machine Fund at Haight School.

27—High Seniors get shot and terribly mangled by official Acorn photographer.

SEPTEMBER—

28—Bean Feeds again! Fine stuff, eh?

29—John Stephen McGroarty reviews his popular production, the "Mission Play."

30—Second league game! Alameda plasters Oakland with the score of 18 to 3.

OCTOBER—

2—Automobile row has a change of position by order of Chief of Police Conrad.

3—Frederick Monsen lectures on Norway at the Haight School.

4—Rah! Rah! Rally for Tech. Game.

5—Mr. McDonald comes; Mr. Minium gets the wagon greased up.

6—Third league game! Alameda and Tech. played like demons, but both teams left the field with their aureoles representing the score.

7—Miss Brown has no detention class! Well, what do you know about that?

8—Ah! Seven hundred youths find an oasis in the midst of an arid term. One whole week vacation! Pretty soft is right!

11—Vacation game. Alameda loses to the Titans by the score of 16 to 0.

15—What strange tales are these? Well, you'll know them soon enough!

16—Mr. Smith returns from a visit to Southern California.

17—Bartender Edinger gets his pantaloons ripped by Prohibition Holden.

18—Administrative Board elects "Doc" Terry manager of the U. C. Glee Club Show.

19—A. H. S. Third Team cleans Washington Grammar 17 to 0.

20—See Oct. 17—Court Session—Sally weeps over poor Durst.

21—"Soapbox" MacKerricher debates "Charlie Boy," Paul St. Sure on the Dry Amendments. Alameda's first Varsity beats the second Varsity 33 to 0.

22—Mr. Minium displays a Tia Juana pennant. We hope he picked the right horse.

24—A. H. S. 130 lb. team ties with Fremont.

26—Citizen's Club of Alameda holds meeting in the Assembly Hall—"Co-operation of School, Home and the Business World," the theme.

27—Alameda Varsity again defeats the second team, 50-100.

30—McKinley speaks again! Drama class startled by review of the "Blue Bird."

31—Miss Wilkins talks to the girls.
7:30 to 9 p. m. The Bonfire Rally.

NOVEMBER—

1—Fourth league game! Berkeley wins 28 to 3.

2—Cadets take a day off. Oh you soldier boys!
Acorn goes to press.

3—U. C. Glee Club entertainment and dance.

5—Latham goes to church.

10—Junior Prom—Haight School Auditorium.

11—Senior girls enjoy Orpheum party.

16—Shep bets on California.

27—The noble volume entitled "Acorn" goes on sale.

THE FOLLOWING ARE ONLY PROGNOSTICATIONS:

NOVEMBER—

28—Miss Berg praises the idiotorials.
Political wires get crossed. Nominations are made.
We heard something like this—"He is a d—n good fellow, but you should vote for," etc. "Don't you think so?"

29—Stock is taken by the faculty—reports come next week.

30—We are celebrating the day of the big "eats."

DECEMBER—

1—Somebody talks to the students.

5—"Oak Leaf" closes its office for the Holidays.

7—Beans, Bath and Bible for the last time.

8—Language classes give a show.

14—"And they march two by two" to receive their "sheepskins," and he says it is the best class that ever graduated.

15—The last official dance under the good old colors, gold and white.

16—A calendar is completed! For some it marks the completion of High School days. We are busy people!
We hope to be busier.

ATHLETICS

Football

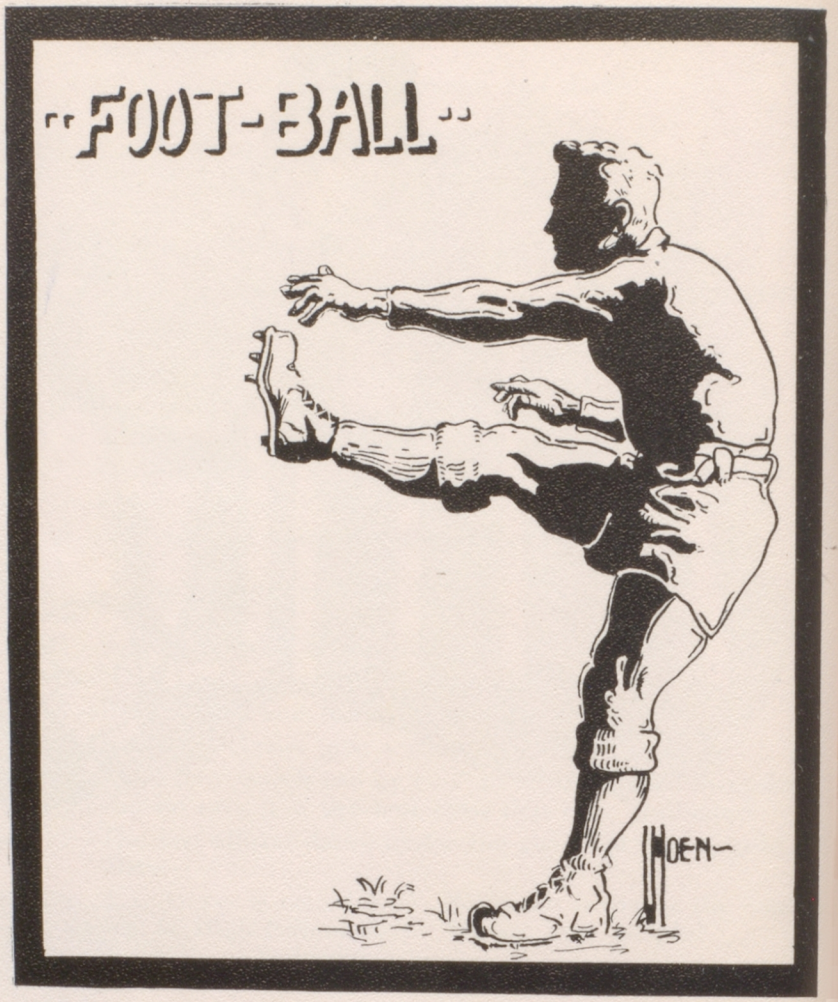
ON August 2, Captain Latham issued the call to colors, and was overwhelmed by the showing. Manager "Bish" was there in his famous undershirt, and, among the likely looking material from last year's second team, "Flicks" Mehan, "Reckless" MacRae, "Shag" Moore, "Dud" Jorgenson, "Gopher" Smith, Tommy Bacon, and Willie Jacobs looked to be the class.

There were many vacancies on the team due to graduation and matters looked none too bright, considering that not a back field man was left. Merle Horton, who last year played with Cogswell, registered at A. H. S., and has helped wonderfully. There are many other candidates who are doing well, and will very likely be called upon to do service. They are "Ollie" Searing, "Aidey" Chase, "Heinie" McNutt, Thornton, Hussey and Bill Cathcart.

The way things stand now, the team is not very flashy or brilliant, but for steadiness and reliability it can not be beaten. When Otto Rittler gets started, and the boys round to form, look out you pig-skin followers of other schools!

ALAMEDA 23 COGSWELL 5

Keep up the good work, Alameda, and run through the rest of the schools in the same way. Right at the kick-off the Alameda forwards rushed the ball into Cogswell's territory, and a try followed in three minutes. Cogswell's team showed no knowledge of football and was playing the man continually instead of the ball; consequently there was much fighting. Six more tries were made during the rest of the game, and only one of them was converted. This means the loss of many points; so practice up in your placement kicking, Alameda. Much



credit is due to the team for its grand showing. Considering the fact that Bacon and McNutt are graduates from the third team to the first, and "Ollie" Searing and Buben have never played before, the team played with great smoothness. Especial credit is due to the backfield, which was so light and inexperienced that everyone was pitying it. What weight and experience is needed will be made up by the fighting spirit which has always made Alameda famous.

ALAMEDA 3 LOWELL 5

It was a hard game to lose, as Lowell only outplayed us in the first five minutes of the game. Alameda's only points were gained from the educated toe of Harry Moore, who drop-kicked the ball between the bars on a free kick. Alameda's forwards kept right on the ball all the time, and sure had Lowell worried during the second half, as she was kept on the defensive most of the time. The stars of the game were: Horton, "Gopher" Smith and Bacon, in the back-field; MacRae and Latham, in the forwards.

ALAMEDA 50 COMMERCE 0

In a game devoid of anything peppy aside from crabbing, Alameda snowed-under the S. F. High School of Commerce. Commerce showed much inexperience not only in a lack of knowledge of the rules, but in not playing its positions. Alameda went bad in the first half, due to much fumbling and off-side play.

"Capt" Latham went in the game at front-rank in the second half, and immediately Alameda took a brace. The backfield was going so well that if the game had lasted ten minutes more the score would have been fabulous. "Gopher" Smith, McNutt, Bishop and "Skib" Edinger, the referee, were the stars.

ALAMEDA 0 COGSWELL 0

Alameda went into the field so overconfident that it was lucky to come off with an even break. The scrum men were loafing all the time, and the backfield was playing too much of an individual game. Time and time again a single Cogswell man would break through without any effort. Cogswell showed much improvement over its last appearance, but was not playing as clean a game as possible. Latham, Bishop, Jorgenson, MacRae and Smith were always on the job for Alameda.

ALAMEDA 14 PALO ALTO 8

In one of the fastest games played this season, our hopefuls downed Palo Alto High at Lincoln Park. Alameda kicked off, and from a line-out Moore scored. Palo alto dropped-out, and after several minutes Mehan went over. Both these tries Alameda failed to convert, but the forwards were packing around the ball and they experienced little difficulty in scoring. The prettiest play of the game started in mid-field when Moore broke loose and passed to Latham. Latham ran several yards, passed back to Moore and he in turn passed again to Latham, who scored. "Ollie" Searing converted from a difficult angle. Alameda's last score came when Horton went over the line near the end of the half. This made the score 14 - 0 at the end of the first half.

Palo Alto started right off in the second half when its forwards heeled the ball out to its speedy three-quarter line, a try resulting. Greene converted, making the score 14 - 5. The ball traveled back and forth until Palo Alto procured the ball in the center of the field, and ran through the Alameda back-field, scoring a try but failing to convert. This ended the scoring, but the Palo Alto three-quarter line was always in action, and put many scares into the hearts of the Alamedans by its speed.

Alameda presented a slightly changed line-up. Cathcart was

seen at half-back, McKean at first-five, and Searing in front-rank. All did well.

Especial credit is due to the Alameda scrum, which out-hooked and out-played Palo Alto at every angle of the game. Captain Latham was the individual star of the game. He was seen everywhere all the time, and his blocking of Palo Alto's kicks saved many yards for Alameda.

The back-field for Alameda worked well in the first half, but in the second it simply fell to pieces before the attack of Palo Alto. Many easy tackles were missed and the good work of the forwards in following up the play at all times, saved Alameda.

This game showed where Alameda was weak, and Coach Rittler declares that when the back-field gets a little practice it will make a good scoring machine.

ALAMEDA 4 STOCKTON 6

On September 23, the Alameda team boarded the train at Fruitvale, and journeyed to Stockton. The game was scheduled for 2 p. m., but did not start until nearly three. All this time our boys were waiting in a blistering sun and, after the long train ride, our team was all in.

Stockton swept it off its feet at the start and, in five minutes, scored. Another try was added to Stockton's score in the first half. Neither of the tries were converted, making the score 6 - 0.

This ended the scoring for Stockton, and Alameda started to find itself. From a long line-out inside of Stockton's 25-yard line Mehan procured the ball, and passed to Horton who placed a beautiful drop-kick between the bars, netting Alameda 4 points. This made the score 6 - 4 in favor of Stockton and Alameda was gaining steadily. It rushed the ball down to Stockton's 5-yard line, and "Gopher" Smith went over the line, but was called back because the referee did not see the play.

Alameda was always close to scoring, but never could quite cross the line, because of the excellent defensive work of the Stockton forwards who were always on the ball with their heads down.

Much dirty play was in evidence, and many injuries were sustained. Bill Cathcart had the skin above his eye badly torn, and "Heinie" McNutt's side was so badly hurt that he could not continue the game.

This was the first appearance of "Skib" Edinger in the Alameda line-up and, although he did not break loose at any time, his speed showed to advantage. Merle Horton seemed to find himself, and made several spectacular plays. He also broke loose once, and was not downed until he reached Stockton's 5-yard line. "Mick" McCurrie did good work among the forwards, and Tom Bacon played a heady game at wing.

ALAMEDA 3 FREMONT 0

In one of the most thrilling and hardest fought games of the season, Alameda succeeded in gaining a victory over Fremont High 3 - 0. It was our first league game, and it was a hard earned victory. The score until the last ten minutes of play stood 0 - 0 and everyone was on his toes. The ball was outside at Fremont's 5-yard line. "Skib" Edinger threw the ball in; Tom Bacon ran in front of the line-out, and took the ball for a few yards; then passed back to Edinger, who crossed the line for the only score of the game.

Both teams played exceedingly well, and Fremont's lack of condition was the main cause of her defeat. Brooks, her star full-back, was injured in the last half after he had played a plucky game. He had to be carried off the field.

Fremont attempted to play a very open game, but Alameda's forwards were working so well that Fremont hardly ever had

the ball. When the Fremont forwards heeled the ball out Alameda's breaks were on the ball, and the Fremont half-back was always smothered.

Bishop, "Aidey" Chase, Edinger and "Flicks" Mehan were the stars of the locals, making many spectacular plays. "Mac" Chase was seen in an Alameda suit, and showed that he sure had the speed. Bill Cathcart played a fine game at half-back, despite the injuries sustained at Stockton from which he had not recovered.

This was the first game this season that Alameda's back-field has got started, and now watch out; for Otto Rittler has developed a strong scoring machine.

ALAMEDA 18 OAKLAND 3

On Saturday, September 30, our huskies assembled on the State League Baseball Field at Fifty-eighth and Grove Streets, and gave Oakland High its first defeat of the season. It was more than a defeat; it was a drubbing. At the end of the game the Oakland men were so tired that they could hardly stand.

Oakland kicked-off, and the ball was dribbled back and forth until from a scrum-down, Smith passed to Thornton, Thornton to Horton, and Horton to "Mac" Chase who tucked the ball under his arm and ran 35 yards before he was stopped on Oakland's 5-yard line. Both teams' forwards packed around the ball but, finally, "Aidey" Chase broke loose and scored under the goal posts. "Shag" Moore converted, making the score 5 - 0.

Here Oakland took a brace, and carried the ball down into Alameda's territory. Both teams were fighting hard, but Oakland seemed to have the advantage. After ten minutes more of play Oakland carried the ball over the line, but failed to convert, making the score 5 - 3, Alameda leading. Alameda dropped-out and, after five minutes more, the half ended. Oakland was going well, and Alameda seemed to lack confidence.

Otto Rittler's talk between the halves must have started something, for Alameda went in with new pep, and kept rushing the ball into Oakland's territory. On Oakland's 25-yard line "Skib" Edinger scooped the ball, and worked his way through a scattered field, scoring Alameda's second try. Moore converted, making the score 10 - 3.

Losing took all the fight out of Oakland, and, after this, Alameda had no difficulty in crossing Oakland's line.

"Aidey" Chase scored two tries, showing that the forwards can make scores as well as the back-field. Mehan and Edinger also scored.

Alameda's back-field was a happy surprise. Every time it would get the ball, it would advance toward Oakland's line. Not only did it play a good offensive game, but starred on the defensive also.

"Rus" Thornton, a Portland boy, was seen at first five, and he certainly knew how to break up Oakland's plays. The Chase brothers, Horton, and Edinger were the stars for the locals, while the Atwater twins did well for Oakland. A serpentine followed the game.

ALAMEDA 0 OAKLAND TECH 0

On October 5, at Fifty-eighth and Grove Streets, the football teams from Alameda and Oakland Technical Schools battled to a scoreless tie. At the end of the game the ball was about in the center of the field, and the captains decided to play ten minutes extra.

A closer game was never played. Alameda kicked-off, and the ball was rushed down to Tech's 25-yard line. Tech's forwards heeled the ball out, and Black passed to Starrett who ran nearly to Alameda's line. He was downed, and the ball gradually found its way back to the center of the field. Alameda's

forwards were packing around the ball in fine shape, and were pushing Tech's heavy scrum backward. "Les" Smith started the back field with perfect passes to Thornton, but Tech's defense was so strong that no scores resulted.

The first half ended with Tech a little the stronger. When the second half was well under way it was evident that Alameda had the condition. Never for any length of time was the ball in one side's territory. Both goals were always in danger, but the timely work of the full-backs' educated toes always saved the day. Many times Tech was close to scoring, due to the free kicks awarded it. Starrett tried long drop kicks which were unsuccessful. Only once did Alameda's back-field really get started. Smith passed-out, and Jacobs finally got his hands on the ball with a clear field ahead of him, but he was not quite fast enough to score.

The biggest scare that Alameda experienced was when Alameda fumbled, and the Tech forwards dribbled the ball up to our 5-yard line. It looked like a sure score, but "Aidy" Chase shot in from somewhere, scooped the ball clean, and found touch on our 35-yard line. It was a clever piece of work, and came just in the nick of time.

Captain Latham played a wonderful game even though his ankle was injured early in the game. Harry Moore was the star in the line-outs, breaking through and spoiling many of Tech's tag-back plays. "Skib" Edinger and Horton also starred.

The feature of Tech's play was the speed shown in her back-field. Many times it started, and was stopped, due to our clever defense. Black, of "Tech," was the kicking star of the game. His long spirals will be remembered as the best ground gainers that any high school lad has kicked in many a day.

It was a grand fight and, had it lasted another five minutes, it sure would have been an Alameda victory.

ALAMEDA 0 SAN JOSE 8

It sure did take San Jose High to show the team a fine time. Three machines met the boys at the depot, and took them to a fine feed at the San Jose High School. After lunch, a short ride and a disastrous defeat at the hands of the Garden City ruggers tells the tale.

The team made a miserable showing, not playing the game it is capable of. Everything went wrong, due most likely to a lack of pep. After the hard game with "Tech" two days before the fellows were lame, and could not get started.

Alameda kicked off, and rushed the ball down to San Jose's 20-yard line where it was kept inside of San Jose's 25-yard line until near the end of the first half. At this point San Jose's speedy backs scooped the ball, and ran the length of the field for a try, which was not converted. This ill-fortune put fight into Alameda, and the ball was again rushed into San Jose's territory. Both sides had much difficulty in finding touch, but Beaver's long spirals were sure ground gainers.

The second half started with Cathcart replacing Smith at half-back, and Smith was seen at first-five. This shift worked wonders for a while, but Alameda wasn't there when a rush was started from the middle of the field which netted San Jose another try. This they succeeded in converting, making the score 8 - 0.

The fight could not be taken out of Alameda; so it rushed the ball back into San Jose's territory, and we were always close to scoring. When the final gun went off, the ball was on San Jose's 3-yard line from which their full-back found touch, ending the game.

The absence of Captain Latham from the line-up was greatly felt. He is a world of strength as a scrum man, but with his bad

ankle it was best not to use him. "Les" Smith acted as field captain, and performed well the duty of crabbing at the referee. The star of the game was Les Bishop who, with a bad laceration above the eye, would not be taken out of the game, although he could hardly see because of blood. Horton and Jacobs also played well.

San Jose gives us the credit of instilling in its mind the idea of showing the visiting team a good time; so let us continue to treat our athletic guests as we would like to be treated.

ALAMEDA 3 BERKELEY 28

"We were beaten by a better team, and that is all there is to it," were the words of Captain Latham at the end of the game. "Everyone tried his hardest and fought until the final gun."

The first half was all Alameda. The ball was inside of Berkeley's 25 yard line most of the time. From a loose ruck on Berkeley's 39 yard line Bishop scooped the ball, and ran 25 yards through Berkeley's scattered forwards. He was tackled, but got his pass off to Captain Latham who crossed the line for Alameda's only score. Moore failed to convert. Many chances to score were lost in the first half. At the close of the first half our team seemed to break up, and Berkeley ran the ball down to our 5 yard line, where we held them for some time. Finally, however, a Berkeley backfield man scooped the ball, and crossed the line. Peterson converted just as the half ended, making the score 5-3 in favor of Berkeley.

Still Alameda was going strong, and held Berkeley for the first ten minutes of the second half. Then the weight began to tell, and Berkeley scored another try, which Peterson converted, making the score 10-3.

Alameda was not beaten yet, and McCurrie dropped-out. The forwards followed up and Berkeley cross-kicked. Bill Jacobs, who had just been sent into the game received the punt, and ran 40 yards down the field. He was tackled; so he passed to Jorgenson who was downed in his tracks. This brought the ball down to Berkeley's 20 yard line, but slowly it worked its way back to our end of the field, due to Berkeley's skill in dribbling and then scooping the ball.

From this time on Berkeley scored at will, and Peterson's conversions were little short of marvelous.

This was the final game of the season, and the whole team put into the struggle every ounce of fight it had. The season started with two veterans and no one ever thought that Alameda would again reach the finals. It is needless to say that she disposed of all comers, but Berkeley was too much for her. Our backfield averaged not over 130 pounds, while Berkeley's weighed in at about 150 pounds. This is some advantage, and it is no wonder that Berkeley tired us out at the end.

Our scrums outplayed Berkeley all the time, and Bishop, Latham, and Jorgensen were the stars. Bacon, Edinger, and Smith played well in the backfield.

This team was a young bunch, and many are already planning to return to school next semester. So look out for 1917 *Berkeley!*

Second Football Team

Our first team this year showed us how important a second team is. Eight of the present regulars were members of the second squad last term. Next season some of this term's second team boys will be the representatives of A. H. S. in the big games.

The season has been a very satisfactory one, and the boys are working hard to win their German A's. They won from Fremont's Second Team, Richmond High School, and Oakland Tech's Second Team, 6-0. From this team a 130 lb. team was formed which defeated Oakland Tech. 130 lb. team, and tied the Fremont combination.

The lineup is as follows:

Forwards—	*Backs*—
Baum	Smith
Lum	McNutt
Young	Lauenstein
Littlefield	Youngberg
Thompson	M. Chase
Durst	Hutt
Rosen	Shepard
Rose	

Third Team Football

Looking into the future is one of the principal qualifications of a successful business man; Otto says that applies to athletics, too, and he is sure living up to his belief. The third team this year has practiced hard, consequently it has learned much rugby under the direction of Otto, and some day its members will represent the A. H. S. as first team men. It will be better than our first team of today because more experienced and confident.

The third team defeated Washington 6-5, 14-0, 27-0, 13-0 and 17-0; Lincoln 36-0 and 21-0; and Haight 9-0 and 25-0.

The hardest game of the season was played against the second team, which greatly outweighed the third aggregation. This was the only game lost by the third squad all season, but it put up a good fight and the final score was only 11-3.

The 120 lb. team, which is practically the third team, will meet Fremont and San Jose High Schools in the near future.

The lineup is as follows: Forwards: Levy, Hopps, C. Lauenstein, Taylor, Kemble, Carroll Bost, Burkhardt, Caton, Crawford Bost, Montelius, Johnson and R. Vaughan. Backfield: Moran, R. Lauenstein, Lovey, Martinez, Hughes, Koenig, Brooks, Weinstock and Spence.

Football 1916

The football season of 1916 has far surpassed our expectations. With only two veterans returning to school, Otto Rittler whipped together a team that played in the championship game of the A. C. A. L. with Berkeley High.

Our scores indicate that the team played a consistent game, the only off-game being the second one with Cogswell which we nearly lost by over-confidence. Nothing can be said against the excellent spirit exhibited by the students and faculty in supporting the team, and in conclusion, I wish to ask them to support, as they did this year, the captain, coach and team in the 1917 season.

GEORGE LATHAM, Captain, '16.

SCORES FOR SEASON

A. H. S.	23	Cogswell	5
A. H. S.	3	Lowell	5
A. H. S.	0	Cogswell	0
A. H. S.	50	Commerce	0
A. H. S.	14	Palo Alto	8
A. H. S.	4	Stockton	6
A. H. S.	28	Richmond	0
A. H. S.	0	San Jose	8
A. H. S.	3	Fremont	0
A. H. S.	18	Oakland	3
A. H. S.	0	O. T. H. S.	0
A. H. S.	3	Berkeley	28
Total scores	146	Opponents	63

CAPTAIN LATHAM

O. Rittler, Coach L. Bishop, Manager G. Beaver H. Moore I. Edinger H. McRae C. Shepard R. Buben
M. Chase D. Jorgensen O. Searing G. Latham, Captain F. Mehan W. Jacobs A. Chase C. McCurrie
T. Bacon M. Horton L. Smith R. Thornton H. McNutt D. Frost

Our 1916 Team

"FAT" LATHAM—Front-rank, 1914-15, captain 1916—catcher, 1916 second team baseball.

MGR. BISHOP—Front-rank, 1915—manager, 1916.

"OLLIE" SEARING—Front-rank, 1916.

"AIDEY" CHASE—Break-away, 1916—sub infielder baseball 1916.

"DUD" JORGENSEN—Middle-rank, 1916—forward second team, 1915.

"MICK" McCURRIE—Middle-rank, 1916—freshman.

"SHAG" MOORE—Lock, 1916—forward second team, 1915.

"FLICKS" MEHAN—Break-away, 1916—forward second team, team, 1915.

"RECKLESS" MacRAE—Break-away, 1916—forward second 1915.

"GOPHER" SMITH—Half-back, 1916—half-back second team, 1915.

RUS THORNTON—Second-five, 1916.

"MUTT" HORTON—First-five, 1916—transfer from Cogswell.

BILL CATHCART—Center-three, 1916—second base, 1915 baseball team—captain 1916 track team.

"SKIB" EDINGER—Wing, 1916—short-stop, 1915 and captain 1916 baseball team.

"JAZZ" BACON—Wing, 1916—wing second team, 1915—short-stop second team baseball, 1916.

GERALD BEAVER—Full-back, 1916.

BILL JACOBS—Back-fieldman, 1916.

"HEINIE" McNUTT—Back-fieldman, 1916.

MANAGER BISHOP.

The financial side of the football season was well cared for by Lester Bishop, who was successful in having the most inexpensive football season in the High School's history. He certainly arranged a good schedule, and with the co-operation of Coach Rittler has provided the students with many games on the home grounds.

"Bish" is captain-elect next year, and is working hard already to see that the Alameda High team of 1917 will be the champions of the A. C. A. L. and of the State. Good Luck! "Bish," to you and your team-mates of 1917.

FELIX MEHAN

Block A

THE "block A" is given only to efficient athletes, therefore it is a great honor to wear one.

To win a "block A" in football, baseball, or basketball, one must be a member of an Alameda High team which wins a championship. It is a great feat to beat such teams as Berkeley and Oakland Tech., whose student body is three times as large as ours, indeed it has not been accomplished for many years, consequently no "A's".

To win a "block A" in track and swimming, an Alameda High athlete must place first in an A. C. A. L. or a C. I. F. meet or any league meet where not less than five high or preparatory schools are competing.

The spring term of 1916 was notable in Alameda High athletic circles for the awarding of "block A's" to Andrew Townsend and Felix Mehan. Mehan first won his "A" in a C. I. F. swimming meet at Piedmont Baths, where he placed first in the breast stroke. Later in the term Mehan repeated his feat in the A. C. A. L. meet. Andy Townsend won the plunge for distance, and placed second in the 440 yard swim.

These were the first "block A's" awarded in Alameda High School for three years and, what is more, they are the first (as far as ascertainable) ever awarded for aquatic athletics.

The Merritt Marathon

DUE mainly to the energy and perseverance of our athletic director, Otto Rittler, Alameda High School won the first prize in the Oakland Tribune's Merritt Marathon for the number of runners entered and finished.

The race, which was held on the shores of Lake Merritt, took place on September 9, Admission Day. Of the fifty-two Alameda students who entered, every one crossed the line before the time limit expired, and was accordingly awarded a silver bar commemorative of the day's feat.

To Robert Burns, a Sophomore, fell the honor of being the first Alameda student to breast the tape, and he thereby won the silver medal offered by the Administrative Board of this school. The course of the race was twice around Lake Merritt, a distance of six and one-quarter miles. Quite a jog, you will agree, but the local lads never faltered once in their triumphant march over such a gruelling path.

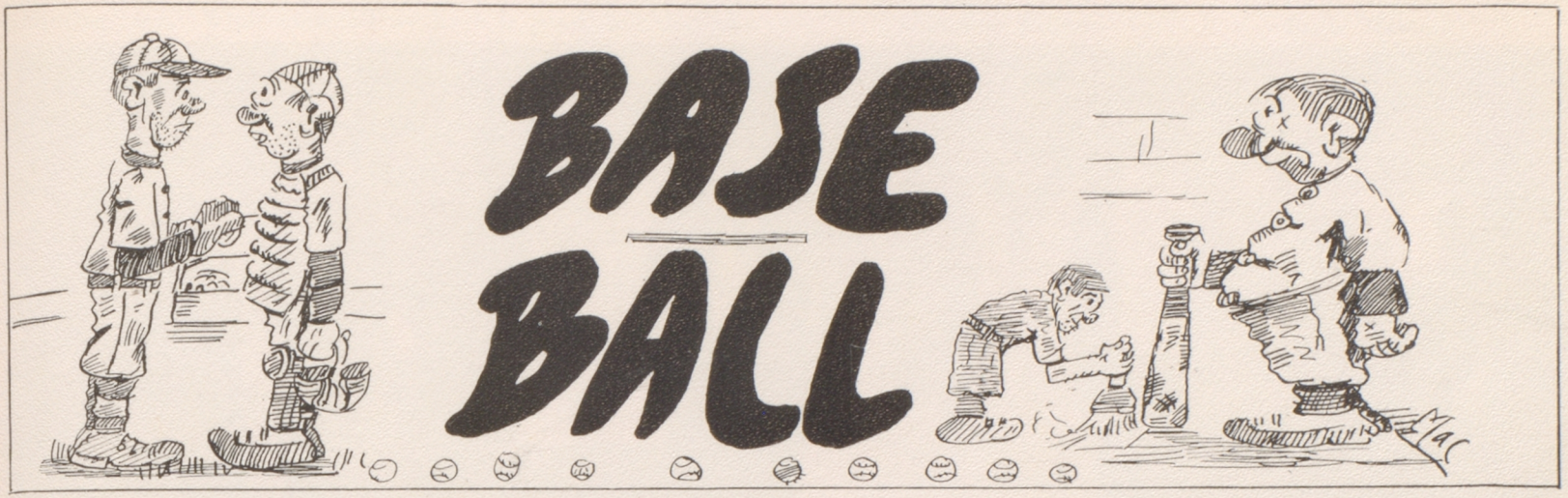
Mr. Rittler was the clerk-of-course of the race, and the beautiful cup won by Alameda was a fitting tribute to the industry and co-operation he manifested in attending to and filing registration blanks, entrance blanks, fees, etc. The splendid spirit of loyalty displayed by our runners is certainly worth of laudation, for they went into the enterprise in the right manner and made good.

On the Friday following the race, the student body convened in the Assembly Hall to witness the presentation of the trophies. Joseph R. Knowland, the editor of the Oakland Tribune, presented the high school entry trophy, a large silver cup to President Holden. In his presentation speech Knowland declared it was a distinct pleasure for him to present a trophy to his home town's high school.

Otto Rittler then gave out the silver bars to the runners, and Robert Burns received his medal from Dr. Thompson. After a talk by Walter Christie of the University of California on track sports the meeting adjourned.

The following were awarded silver bars:

Robert D. Burns	George Rose
Robert Rutherford	H. B. Kahn
William Wahmuth	Norman Plummer
Roy Stulz	Albert Brooks
Cedric McCurrie	Paul Lum
David Sterling	David Rosen
C. Alleaman	Myron Fish
Robert Rutkowski	William Jacobs
Edward Baylis	Francis Taylor
Cyril Smith	Hallock Davis
Dudley Jorgenson	Leslie McIver
Herbert MacRae	Victor Stone
Leo Cotello	Clark Miner
John Chase	Alvin Montgomery
Montague Corry	Colby Tarleton
Byron Johnson	Edward Kemble
Philip Holden	D. J. Macdonald
Herndon McNutt	Lester Thompson
Gerald Beaver	R. T. Baum
N. Hart	Frank Young
J. Knowland	Francis Hrubanik
William Phelan	P. Marshall
J. C. Youngberg	Paul St. Sure
Felix Koenig	William Barry
Arthur Fuller	August Johansen
Ralph Spence	R. Vaughan



PROSPECTS never looked brighter for a successful baseball season than for the season of 1917. Such athletes as "Skib" Edinger, "Aidy" Chase, George Prickett, "Tack" Bruzzone, "Mac" Chase and "Shag" Moore are sure to return to school. "Bert" Goodwin, our star left fielder and pitcher of the 1916 team was elected to captain the 1917 squad, and will be there with his trusty willow, which makes our opposing pitchers quail. "Fuzzy" Chase is a transfer from St. Ignatius High School where he was the heaviest hitter on the team. He swings from the left side, so that right field fence at Lincoln Park will always be in danger of being knocked down. Francis Neilson is another port side swinger and looks to be a cinch in the outfield. At present, the catching department seems woefully weak because of the loss of Joe Kaney, but "Fat" Latham has the qualifications and only needs experience.

Last spring the second team met all comers, and was successful in defeating Berkeley, Oakland and Fremont. The men were awarded German A's for heading the league. These athletes can be counted on to fill in the places left by graduates; so look out some of you veterans, for they will work hard to uproot you from your positions.

With so formidable a combination at hand and so competent a captain, everything looks bright for a winning season. For the last three years we have been nosed out of championships, and now our blood is up, so to speak, and we are out to defeat our league rivals.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Margaret Hyde, Anita Martine, Eileen Eyre, Claudine Brandt, Ruth Jackson, Winifred Aydelotte, Marian Martine, Gladys Nobmann, Captain Martha Hyde, Margaret Spruance

Girls' Tennis Club

SWIMMING

DOES a prosperous and successful spring term of girls' athletics mean that the girls should retire from the scene until the next spring? It amounts to almost this. What has become of girls' athletics this term? Last term the girls were very active, but now there seems to be either a lack of interest or conditions are not favorable. It is true that the spring semester affords more pleasant weather for outdoor sports, but if the spirit is there, some indoor sports could be substituted during the fall term. Schools that are not much larger, if any, than ours, find plenty of material and spirit among the girls to form basketball, baseball, tennis and swimming teams to meet other schools.

In spite of the fact that Alameda is an island, and like all islands, surrounded by water, there are not more than one or

two who could represent the school if it were challenged for a swimming race. What material we have is good, but that material is apparently very scarce. Alice Moran, the most noteworthy swimming star of Alameda High, leaves this term with the graduating class. It would benefit the school if a good team of girls could be organized. During the first part of this term when the weather was suitable for swimming, proper accommodations could not be procured. A plan to co-operate with the Encinal Yacht Club did not meet with the approval of the Board of Directors of that club. However, the management of Piedmont Baths has offered special advantages and reduced rates to those who have A. S. A. H. S. cards; so why need the fall weather stop this activity?

ROWING

Another sport, which proved to be quite popular last term and which was affected by the failure of the plan to co-operate with the Encinal Yacht Club, is rowing. Rowing was very successful last term, Lake Merritt being the scene of practice. As it is almost a half hour's ride to the lake, and the bay is so close at hand, it was thought that it would be more advantageous to row in Alameda, and so no crew was to be organized until arrangements could be made for a starting place. Each of the Oakland schools, both High and Grammar, have two, three, and four crews. Alameda can not afford to lose her good reputation; so let us hope to see some activity along these lines in the near future.

TENNIS

Tennis seems to be the only sport which has kept alive. Only ten girls signed up, but the decrease in number is probably due, at least in part, to the fact that no credit is given. However, those who did sign up have the proper spirit, and there surely are some good players among them. The members of the tennis club are:

Winifred Aydelotte	Ruth Jackson
Claudine Brandt	Anita Martine
Eileen Eyre	Marian Martine
Margaret Hyde	Gladys Nobmann
Martha Hyde	Margaret Spruance

The tennis tournaments have aroused a great deal of enthusiasm and interest. Because of the difficulty in keeping the records of the tennis players, it was decided not to give credit for tennis until an accurate system could be evolved. At a meeting of the active members of the tennis club, Gladys Nobmann was elected captain for this term. Miss Nobmann intends to challenge the schools around the bay, hoping to be able to defeat them. Last term was a most active one in tennis circles, our school playing a series of tournaments with the Girls' High in San Francisco. An inter-class tournament was held August 22, 23, and 24. The winners and their scores were as follows:

Marion Martine defeated Gladys Nobmann	6-4,	6-4
Claudine Brandt defeated Margaret Spruance	6-4,	8-6
Eileen Eyre defeated Elizabeth Garrett	8-6,	6-4
Margaret Hyde defeated Martha Hyde	7-5,	6-4
Winifred Aydelotte defeated Ruth Jackson	6-0,	7-5

In the semi-finals, Winifred Aydelotte proved to be the star tennis player of Alameda High, defeating Marion Martine with the score 6-4, 4-6, 8-6. The playing of the finals decided that the school would be represented in doubles by Winifred Aydelotte and Marion Martine or Martha Hyde and Gladys Nobmann, and in singles by either Winifred Aydelotte, Marion Martine or Gladys Nobmann.

BASEBALL

A form of girls' athletics that has never before been participated in to any great extent, is baseball. As this school was honored by the receipt of a challenge from the Stanford Uni-

versity girls' baseball team, it was decided to organize in order that we might accept the challenge. Mr. Rittler put the matter in charge of Irene Williamson, and the following sixteen girls turned out:

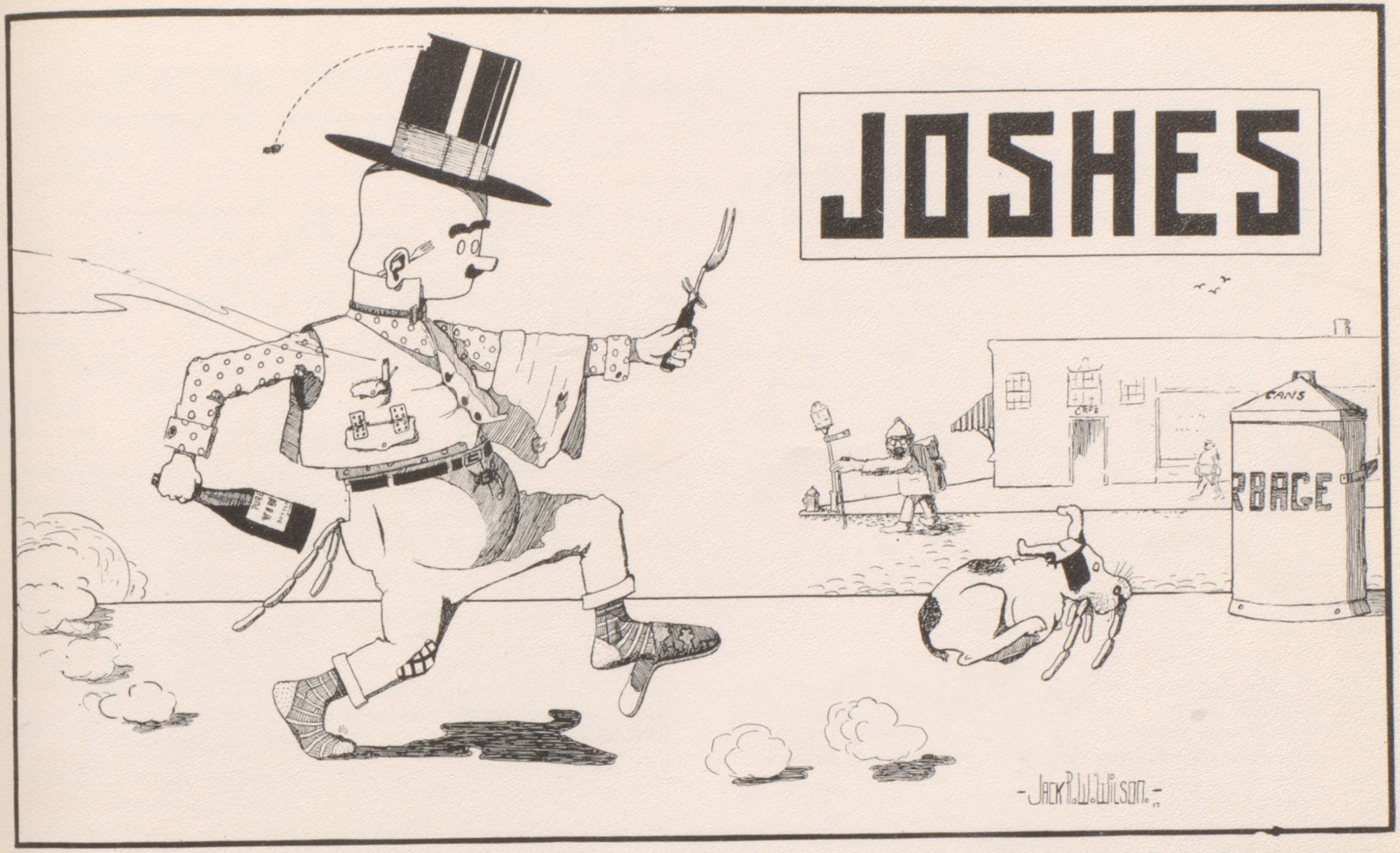
Martha Hyde	Elsie Morgan
Gladys Nobmann	Doris Haslam
Elizabeth Garrett	Heartsease Barkley
Alice Teague	Winifred Aydelotte
Frances Seward	Lillian Barry
Louise Croll	Leona Fleckenstein
Olga Baehr	Margaret Hyde
Ruth Crane	Estelle Schmidt

Out of these, a team will be picked to meet the Stanford girls. As yet, the date for the game has not been set. It is possible that Alameda High will challenge some of the San Francisco High School teams, in which case, our girls will rely on the loyal support of the entire school.

BASKETBALL

Although, heretofore, basketball has been considered a spring term sport, it is coming to the front this term as well. Mr. Rittler announced that the first and second period girls' athletic classes would play each other at basketball, and the sixth and seventh period classes would do likewise. Then the winners were to play for first place and the losers, for second place. A plan is on foot for inter-class basketball, also, and it is said that six or seven classes have already selected their teams. Games between the various rooms will probably take place near the end of the term.

Our school is steadily growing, and let us all hope, with each successive term, to see our school better represented in all branches of girls' athletics.


JOSHES
CAFE
CANS
RBAGE
-JACK P.W. WILSON-

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. Thompson—No, I would not advise you to remove your mustache. It will be hard to stand comment for a while, but it is to your own interest that you wear a calm and dignified expression at all times.

Phil Holden—By no means; you must break it to her gently. I would advise you to purchase Dr. Heart's new book, "Relief for the Lovelorn." It treats of the same symptoms as occur in your case.

Geo. Prickett—Your question is hard to answer. If she really would take you, why don't you propose and have it over?

Frank Young—It is hard to say. Mr. Minium is not very lenient with his marks. I would advise you to be prepared for the worst.

Martha Linderman—If you are suddenly called upon to recite during a delicious tete-a-tete, feign deafness. It never fails.

Sunday School Teacher—Felix, what kind of boys go to heaven?

Felix Mehan (who has been sound asleep)—Ah-h-h! Dead ones!

Martha dropped her eyes to the floor as Edric burst into the room. Her face lengthened rapidly, and she finally pierced him with a glance. As his laugh rose and fell, she dropped her jaw and her voice broke.

Alice Culver—Have you ever seen a common housefly?

Martha L.—No, I always thought that no part of a house, except the chimney flue.

R. Medcraft—Three-sevenths of a chicken, two-thirds of a cat, and a half of a goat. What is it?

A. Agard—Why, let me see. Now really, I don't know. Oh, yes! Chicago.

R. Medcraft—What is the difference between here and there?

A. Agard—Now really, I—"

R. Medcraft—The letter "T."

ON THE BORDER.

Dutch Cramer—Flag of truce, sir.

C. O.—Well, what do they want, Windjammer?

Dutch—They would like to exchange a couple of our generals for a can of condensed milk, sir.

A REGULAR ONE.

W. Wood—Seen Al?

Mary K.—Al, who?

W. Wood—Alcohol; kerosene him last night, but hasn't benzine since; gasolined him up against a lamppost and took a naphtha. The petroleum wagon took him up.

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A few searching questions the Senior must answer for his class life:

1. Name (if any?) Are you in love? If so, with whom and why?
2. Are you conceited?
3. Do you drink, smoke, chew, or swear? If not, why not?
4. Father's occupation? Has he ever been in jail? If not, why not?
5. What excuse have you that you are alive?
6. Are you looking for a job? If so, why?
7. Two thousand word essay on the best way you think you can waste time in high school.

Note: Above questions may be answered in brief or lengthy form and submitted to Dr. Thompson for approval. No diplomas issued until all answers are in.

A stitch in time is a fine military excuse.

What the School is going to add to its Museum:

A leg from the multiplication table.
Highball from the Bar of Justice.
A tooth from the mouth of a stream.
A sleeve from a coat of paint.
A panel from the door of opportunity.
A splinter from the Board of Education.
The collar from the mantle of charity.
A few grains from the sands of time.
A twisted loop from the fringe of society.
Visiting card used in making "The Call of the Wild."

OUR FRIEND WILLIS.

Blessings on thee, little man
Professor with the shoes of tan,
With thy dark checked pantaloons,
And thy badly whistled tunes.
Oh, how the world for me grows dark
Whene'er I see my physics mark.

AN ODE!

Silently one by one, in the infinite notebooks of teachers,
Blossom the little zeros,—the for-get-me-nots of the Seniors.

Freshman—Where is the home of the swallow?
Bright Soph—In the stomach.

Miss Haworth—Who originated the first Geometry problems?
Dug. Osborn—Noah.
Miss Haworth—How's that?
Dug.—Didn't he construct the Ark, B. C.?

Bill Cathcart—Wasn't that fierce, in this morning's paper, about the fellow who cut off his father's head with an ax?

Buben.—Yep, Say, but what was worse, the jury brought in a verdict of sunstroke.

Mark McKimmins—What are you crying about?

H. Kahn—Oh, I've got a pet comb and I hate to part with it. (sob stuff).

D. Rosen—Und vat may be the price of this watch?
Jeweler—Ten dollars.

D. Rosen—(sotto voce).—He asks ten; he means eight; he'll dake six; it's vorth four; I'll offer two.

Hospital nurse (to mangled victim of accident)—I understand that the derrick fell ten stories to the pavement.

Jorgenson (weakly)—I was under that impression.

I. MILLER

Manufacturing Jeweler

Engraver and Diamond Setter

529 TWELFTH STREET
Rooms 200-201

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Expert Designer of Gold and Platinum Jewelry for Special Order Work. Jewelry Repairing Neatly Done.

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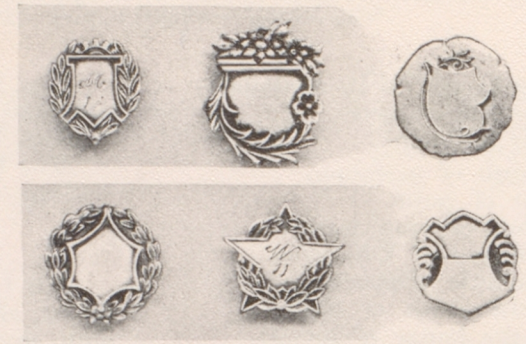
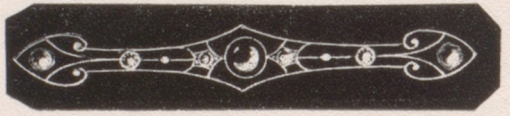
Bring us your **OLD JEWELRY**. We will make it over into the **LATEST STYLES** at reasonable prices.





GET YOUR GIFTS

AT

Roos Bros.

INC.

THE GIFT CENTER

WASHINGTON AT THIRTEENTH

San Francisco Oakland Berkeley

"Mr. Knowland," said Miss Niles, "parse the sentence, 'Yucatan is a peninsula.'"

"Yes'm," falteringly began Knowland, who never could understand grammar anyway. "Yucatan is a proper noun, nominative case, second person, singular——"

"Why," asked Miss Niles, amazed, "how do you make that out?"

"Well," said Knowland, "first person, Icatan, second person Yucatan, third person Hecatan; plural, first person, Wecatan, second person——"

But right then something happened.

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SEE

FORD

1714 EVERETT STREET ALAMEDA

Telephone Alameda 709

A NATURAL LAW APPLIED TO LOVE.
The lower the gas, the higher the pressure.

Bill Jacobs, a little (?) boy of the slums, was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life. The setting sun was gilding the grass and roses of the old-fashioned garden, and he sat on a little stool beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a chicken.

He watched the operation gravely for some time. Then he spoke,—"Do you take off their clothes every night, lady?"

George—Be candid and tell me when you want me to go.

Hermione—It's a couple of hours too late for that.

Houts & Ramage

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Young Men's

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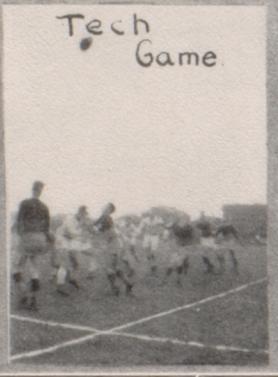
PHONE ALAMEDA 1091-W

Some Good Snaps on Field and Other Places.



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Manufacturer of

LIGHTING FIXTURES

1828 LINCOLN AVENUE ALAMEDA

SOMEWHERE IN S. F.

Bruce Dillman—Say, waiter, bring me some of that hamburger steak in tights, will you?

Waiter—Pardon me, sir, do you mean sausage?

Mary had a little lamp,
A jealous lamp, no doubt,
For whenever Mary's beau came in
The little lamp went out.

Victor—I sink you language so difficult.
Zita—What's the matter, Victor?
Victor—First, zie novel say ze man was unhorsed.
Zita—Yes.
Victor—Zen it say he was cowed.

Washington Park Baths and Refreshment Parlor

H. E. MAC DONALD, Prop.

WASHINGTON PARK ALAMEDA, CAL.

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Fruits and Vegetables

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FINE CHOCOLATES
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Do Not Wait Too Long!

Buy Before All the Best Locations are Taken Up

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Telephone Alameda 1478

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The selection of presents is made easy and comfortable by this arrangement. The choice is very varied.

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OAKLAND CLAY AT 14th and 15th STREETS

Mr. Minium (in chemistry)—Here are some crystals of calcium carbonate. By looking through them one can see double.

Shepard (sleepily)—Why use crystals?

A humorist is one who appreciates our jokes; a cynic, one who doesn't.

TO GOPHER.

Concerning high school football teams,
Too oft' it comes to pass
The man who is halfback in the field
Is way back in his class.

Phone Alameda 2704 Eyes Examined

Herbert D. Schultz

Alameda's Only Exclusive Optician

Oculists' Prescriptions Filled
Quick Repair Work

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(Formerly Alameda Garage)
2150 Central Avenue Alameda, Cal.
Automobile Engineers and Machinists Autos for Hire
Gasoline, Oils, Tires, Auto Supplies and Accessories

Ollie Searing—Oh say, Fat, were you upset by the bank failure?

Fat—Yep, what do you know about it. I lost my balance.

Make hash while the meat's fresh.

HEARD FROM SOO HOO.

A Chinaman stood on a railway track,
His name was Ah Foo Sooey,
A choo-choo slapped him on the back,
And made poor Ah Foo gooey.

A cinch job,—being a lady's maid.

WHA-DA-YE-MEAN?

MacRae—I know H_2O is water, but is HO anything?
Zita—Why, yes, mush.

Youngberg—I know the answer, but I can't express it.
Durst—Send it by freight.

The rose is red, the violet blue,
I move tomorrow, my rent is due.

Miss Garretson—She wants a good, useful, gentlemanly lad to be partly indoors and partly outdoors.
Applicant—And what becomes of me when the door is closed?

J. H. HELMSTEIN

Dealer in

High Grade Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils and Sporting Goods, Garden Accessories, Etc.

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Alameda's Most Complete Delicatessen

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Corner Central Ave. Phones Alameda 458 and 459

Teacher—I'm sorry Mr. Bacon, but I found it necessary to flunk you. Do you know why?
Tom—I haven't an idea.
Teacher—That's exactly right.

A wire there was, quite full of juice,
Some thousand volts or so.
A man there was who came that way,
A man who didn't know.
He touched the wire. It's safe to bet
He hasn't found his error yet.

In a pinch use a quick left to the jaw of the cop.

DEL MONTE

Cleaning and Dyeing Works

Latest Modern Equipment

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

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Phone Alameda 1825

A HERO.

Brave Sergt. St. Sure (on the firing line)—Now men, fight like heroes until your cartridges are gone. Then run for your lives. As I have sprained my ankle, I'll start now.

A thing of beauty is an expense forever.

Miss Hewett (lecturing on the Mt. Lowe Observatory)—The astronomer turned his dome around, and then saw stars.

Optimist—Pleasant weather overhead?

Pessimist—Ya-a-as. Trouble is, so few people are going that way.

Sutherland's Pharmacy

GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND

CORNER ENCINAL AND SHERMAN STREETS

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A WOP

Rip Em Up!

A Regular Cutter

Gophers

That Cup!

A Happy Papa

Hard Guy?

Miss Hewitt

Friends

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60-per

Where's the Stogie?

Another Rowdy

What's the Fight?

BUMS

Mr Coan and Mr Evans

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AMBROSE
THE TAILOR

Up-to-Date Classy Suits
at Popular Prices

410 Twelfth Street
(Pantages Building)
Oakland California

"LES," IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

Little Lester (Sleepily saying his prayers)—Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

"If," prompted his mother.

Lester—If he hollers leave him go; eeny, meeny, miny, mo.

The naked hills lie wanton in the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare the quivering limbs of the shameless trees,
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?

E. Hauch (tenderly)—What would you give for a voice like mine, Frank?

F. Young (bluntly)—*Chloroform!*

Telephone Alameda 3675-J

OSCAR SCHNEIDER

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Suits Sponged and Pressed 50c Alterations a Specialty

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PHOTOGRAPHERS

2414 - 16 SANTA CLARA AVE.
East of Park Street

ALAMEDA, CAL.

WHOM DO THESE REMIND YOU OF?

"Come to order, you fellows!"
"Repeat again; my memory is too good."
"Come on, fellows, now all together."

A wise student letteth a teacher know that he knows, tho' he knows not, but a foolish one letteth a teacher know that he knows not.

Mr. Minium (to O. K. A., who is visiting school after graduation)—Is there anything I can do for you?
O. K. Aster—Oh, I'm not here.
Mr. Minium—All right, let me know if there is anything I can do for you before you are here, or if I can help you after you get here.

Telephone Alameda 69

New Parisian Laundry

F. TOSSEAU — R. JUNEA

2811 ENCINAL AVENUE ALAMEDA

Premium Station Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

J. F. HANSEN

Successor to
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Wholesale and Retail

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Milk from tuberculine tested cows delivered twice daily

GIBLIN'S DAIRY

10c per quart 6c per pint

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1350 PARK ST. ALAMEDA, CAL.

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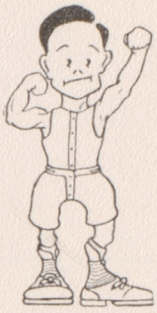
CROFUT & KNAPP

HATS

The Latest Models
As They Are Created



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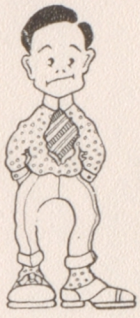
Strictly a Young Man's Shop



LYNNE STANLEY

·SMART·TOGS·FOR·MEN·

1320 BROADWAY

Loyal Fans

A.H.S vs Fremont

Last term at the Cadet Camp at Manzanita, our boys went on guard one night. Captain "Red" Souther was officer of the day and Lieutenant Wilson was commander of the guard. Before going out, Lieut. Wilson cautioned the guards about salutes and recognition to be given officers. Private Lum was very much interested, as he wanted to get a good "rec." Along about a quarter to twelve that night Private Lum was placed on Post No. 5, the farthest post from the guard-house, and down in a hollow where not even the rays of the moon came to light up any part of the landscape, Lum didn't like it, but orders are orders, so he walked his post. About ten minutes later Lum heard somebody coming. It was too late for anybody to be out. Lum's knees began to shake, then came dreams of a medal for bravery in line of duty, so he held his ground. The man came nearer, Lum's voice rang out:

Lum—Halt, who goes there?

Ans.—Officer of the Day.

Lum—Advance, Officer of the Day, to be recognized.

Lum—Pass, Officer of the Day.

(Lum in a relieved voice). Your a deuce of an Officer of the Day coming around at this time of the night.

Mr. Carpenter—All the great men are dying, it seems.

Serex—Gosh, I guess that's why I feel so sick.

Latham—Here, this coffee is nothing but mud.

Waiter—Yes, it was ground this morning.

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1219 Lincoln Avenue

Mark (after laughing to himself)—If a German's name were Tonic, would we have to address him as Herr Tonic?

Kahn—Oh, gee, but I need a shave!
Hal—O, bush!

It's delightful to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whisper outside your window, but it's not nearly so pleasant to awaken and listen to the grass mown.

Wanted—A man to handle dynamite in a match factory. A splendid chance to rise.

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Dealers in all kinds of Delicacies

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Millard once smoked a box of perique,
And he didn't feel right for a wique;
If he's smoked any more,
There'd be crape on his door,
And the cause wouldn't be far to sique.

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Fine Groceries **Choice Vegetables**

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You can't sow corn and expect it to come up cabbages. You can't plant a pear tree and expect it to bear peaches. AND—MARK THIS—You can't plant extravagance and expect it to produce a crop of thrift. If you plant Dollars in a bank account at the CITIZENS SAVINGS BANK, they will produce—if you don't plant them, they won't.

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Servant lady
Rather green
Balky fire
Gasoline
Pours the fluid
Travels far
Floral token
"Gates Ajar."

Leah (40 miles per)—Fine view, isn't it?
Zita—Yes, it was.

Here comes Edinger. I can tell it by his face.

A. Halcrow—Your "Petit-Chose."
M. Henrici—Mine?

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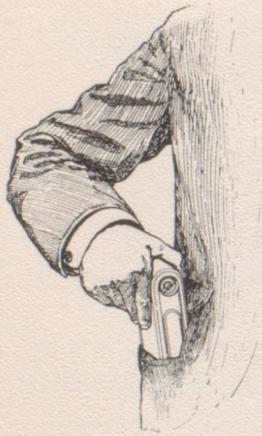

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The novelist speaks of a "lithe young form,"
The poet of a "winsome lass,"
But we, just ordinary folk,
Cry out, "some shape, oh, boy, that's class!"

Convict 113—The doc just told me if I did not quit smoking I'd croak within two years.

Convict 140—Going to quit?

Convict 113—Nope; the joke's on the doc; I'm going to be hung next month.

Petersen—So he insulted the beard of your ancestors? What did he call it?

Greaves—He called it down.

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Pipes at....

ZINGG'S

Jess (to admiring female)—You bet it was the fiercest ever. I wuz gettin' de woist of it when I gets hold of meself, puts in a left hook in de jaw, followed wid a right swing, and den feinted.

Muriel—Oh, how unfortunate, Mr. McKinlay, and you look so big and strong, too.

To Mr. Minium (in Hi Senior Physics) making electricity with a cat skin. B. Goodman—Say, is that a north or a south pole-cat.

Miss Connelly—Now, Miss Munn, you always have to pipe in don't you?

Miss Munn—Certainly, this is a pipe of a lesson.

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The Hill that's on the level

HILL'S

Walnut Station

HEARD IN CHEM.

What is the cheapest light?
Gilliland—Israelite.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Tommy (to Jock on leave)—What about the lingo? Suppose you want an egg over there, what do you say?

Jock—Ye just say, "Oof!"

Tommy—But suppose you want two?

Jock—Then ye say "Twa oofs," and the silly auld fool gies ye three, and ye just gie her back one. "Mon, it's an awful easy language."

We would like to know if the Czar's children are Czardines.

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AND SO THE WORLD GOES.

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling
Fell off a street car—bing! bing!
The con turned his head;
To the passengers he said,
The car's lost a washer—ding! ding!

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Assets	$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	**68,062**

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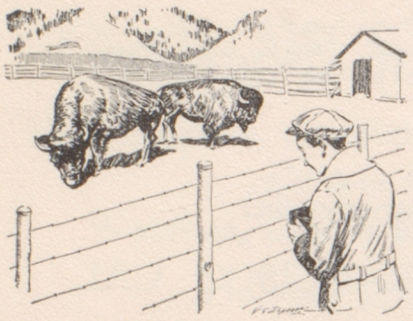

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Skib—If I call pa, "pop," why can't I call ma, "mop?"

Alice—If you do, she'll wipe the floor with you.

TO THE OAK LEAF.

To push a high school paper
Is very little fun;
Especially when subscribers
Will not remit the mon.

How different a girl is before and after marriage. Before it she's after it; after it, she isn't.

"Shake, old man," said the chill to the feverish individual, giving him the grip.

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen

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Corner Lincoln

Daring Thornton was quite a speeder,
Left his dust all over town;
One fine day his front tire busted—
"Dust to Dust," said Preacher Brown.

An officer on one of the boats running to the Orient was thunderstruck upon reading a radiogram which ran, "Twins this morning; more later. Ruth."

"DOC" IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS.

Judge—Why didn't you stop beating him when he cried "Enough"?

"Doc"—Well, yo' see, sah, dat fellah am such a liah yo' can't neveh believe him, sah.

ANDERSON'S

Shoes

1357 PARK STREET

ALAMEDA, CAL.

The lightning flashed,
The thunder rolled,
The powers of heaven were shaken,
The little pig uncurled its tail,
And ran to save its bacon.

Mr. Kramer (to Mary, entertaining some one in the parlor)—What time is it down there.

Mary—Just eleven, Dad.

Dad—Well, it's just twelve up here, and eleven and twelve make twenty-three.

Willard grabbed his hat, and made a rush for the door.

Ye Sign of Ye

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"Yessir, it's awful, every time I breathe, a man dies in Europe."

"I should say it is awful. Why don't you try cloves or something?"

The Editor has a hunch that—
Shepard never used a safety razor.
It wasn't because he disliked 'em that Pharaoh wouldn't use electric lights.

Teacher—Give me a sentence with the word wigwam in it.

Smart Guy—She took off her false hair, and hung it over the heater to get her wig wam.

R. Van Stan—Say, was Nero that gink who was all the time getting frozen to death?

Frank Young—Naw, ya bonehead, that was Zero—different gink altogether.

Alone in the hills the couple strolls,
And multiplied kisses he seeks.
"There's no one to see," he swears; but she
Cries, "Oh! but the mountain peaks."

H. Sanford—How dare you?
Osborn—I couldn't help myself.
Helen—But you did.

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FILIPELLI BROS.

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The lovely girl having lingered a minute in her room to adjust various points about her make-up, descended to the parlor to find the family pet, her little sister of five, on the knee of the young man caller. The child's curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel," the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself! Get right down!"

"Shan't do it," retorted the child; "I got here first!"

Hotel Clerk—I found that "Not-to-be-used-except-in-case-of-fire" placard those Alameda High School boys stole out of the corridor.

Manager—Where?

Hotel Clerk—They'd nailed it up over the coal bin.

CUTS

For this issue of the ACORN made by

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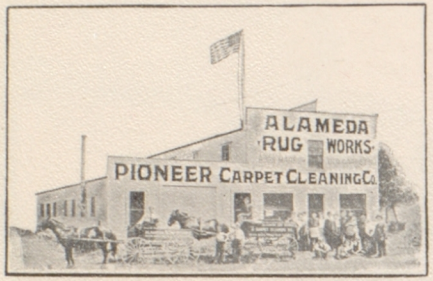

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who contemplate a business career are welcome to call upon us at any time and avail themselves of the advantages at our command. Connections of varied character established during the past thirty-eight years place us in a position to be of valuable service.

Alameda National Bank
AND
Alameda Savings Bank

Banks in which Alameda People have on deposit over $3,300,000.00

Jacobs—These rich guys eat venison because it is deer; I eat mutton because it is sheep.

A FISH STORY.

A fishy old fisher named Fisher
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure;
A cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in.—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

HEARD IN PHYSICAL GIG.

Miss Hewett—What is a volcano?
H. Kemble—A mountain overflowing with lager.

Phone Alameda 7

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